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SIXPENCE.  
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MADAME PATTI, WHO WILL BECOME BARONESS CEDERSTRÖM TO-DAY.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY ESMÉ COLLINGS, BOND STREET, W.



## THE MARRIAGE OF MADAME PATTI.

The great event of the musical world which has been so much talked about takes place to-day in gallant little Wales, when Adelina Patti marries the young Swedish nobleman, Baron Cederström. In her time she has been the Marquise de Caux (a foundation-stone in a hospital in Gray's Inn Road still attests the fact). She has been Madame Nicolini. To-day she is Baroness Cederström. But to the world, which she has had at her feet for nearly forty years, she is still Patti.

No singer of modern, or, I think, any other times, has ever received or deserved the quite unique position so quickly reached by the young, frail girl who arrived from America and made her début at Covent Garden Theatre on May 16, 1861, in the rôle of Anima in the "Sonnambula." Although possessed of marvellous musical aptitudes, having "starred" in America at a very early age, and later on been a favourite at the New York Opera House, she was coldly and critically received when she stepped on to our stage, a fairy-like vision of scarce seventeen summers. As soon, however, as she sang with her clear and bird-like voice the opening recitative, the whole house rose to applaud her, and Giorgio Ronconi shouted from his box, "Questa bambina farà una grandissima carriera; adesso abbiamo trovato la nostra prima donna!" ("This child will have a most brilliant career; now we have found our prima donna.")

From that time onwards she sang with enormous success in almost every European capital, and, in later years, again in America. It must be a pleasant memory to her that both the unfortunate Empress of the French and Queen Isabella of Spain greeted and claimed her as their countrywoman. She herself related to the latter how her mother sang in the title-rôle in "Norma" in Madrid on Feb. 18, 1843, and the very next day she, Adelina, was born. Perhaps some of the greatest ovations she received took place in St. Petersburg. On one occasion, I believe, four or six thousand roubles were spent on flowers to be thrown at her feet, and for years her life was one succession of well-earned triumphs. Alexander II., Tsar of Russia, conferred on her the ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew, on which to wear a large gold medal with his portrait set in diamonds. Among singers, Bosio alone had received a like honour. The beautiful jewels presented to her would constitute a small fortune. Once, at Moscow, when preparing to sing at a concert, her muslin robe caught fire, and only by her calm courage, in standing

after the first representation of "Don Giovanni," "Patti never sang to greater perfection than on that evening. She was the true and living presentment of Zerlina as imagined by Mozart. If only the composer had survived to see such perfection!" I myself heard her in the part once more, the last time she sang in London, at Covent Garden, and though years had passed, she retained her charm both of voice and acting. In her youth she sang up to F in alt. To show how excellent was her acting, apart from her singing, I am told that Raphael Felix, brother of the famous tragédienne Rachel, came to her with tears in his eyes, after a performance of "Lucia," and told her her acting reminded him of that of his beloved sister.

In later times some ill-natured critics have complained that Patti learned no new parts, and would not sing Wagner's music. They do not seem to take into consideration that she is essentially a *Southern* woman, emotional, graceful; a Rosina and Zerlina, not a stately Northern Elsa, Elizabeth, or a warlike Brünnhilde. Christine Nilsson, the Swedish Nightingale, who in her youth was a friend of Patti's, was by nature more fitted to sing Wagner's music, and it seems to me that Patti was wise to go on singing Italian and French operas, the works of Mozart, Bellini, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Gounod, in which she stands without a rival for all time, rather than undertake a type of music which would undoubtedly have worn out her voice.

Patti's marriage in 1868 to Henri, Marquis de Caux, made her for years the darling and spoilt child of the highest society, as she has always been that of the artistic world. Later on, her devotion and kindness to Nicolini (her second husband), ending only at his death, proved her to be as supreme in heart as she is in talent.

For many years now she has resided at her beautiful country seat in Wales, coming to London or travelling to other places only when she sings in public. Her life at Crag-y-Nos is one of the happiest one can imagine, and she is constantly surrounded by her best-loved friends, among them in the musical line the Ganz family and the Eissler sisters, who play so charmingly on the violin and harp. Plays and dumb-show acting constantly take place in her private theatre. Her mornings are spent in letter-writing, business, walks, and in the afternoons the fortunate guests go for lovely drives, followed by tea in the beautiful conservatory. The drawing-room walls are draped in palest silk, and her boudoir and other rooms are full of exquisite paintings, china, and *objets d'art*. Madame Patti and her guests always dine in the conservatory; there is also a very large winter-garden, two billiard-tables, a lake with many boats, so that, in and out of the house, amusement of all kinds is provided. She is worshipped by all the country-people round, and has been presented with the freedom of the City of Brecon in gratitude for her unbounded charities. She shares this honour with only one other lady, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who received that of the City of London. Curiously enough, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is connected with the stage by birth, and no woman in this country takes a keener interest in the theatre and gives more encouragement to young players. Her purse has been at the back of many a theatrical enterprise.

Patti's love for music of all kinds is well known, and the following anecdote will show it. Some friends of hers, with whom she was staying in the South of France, got a band to come and play popular Italian airs during dinner. This so delighted the Diva that she seized hold of some silver spoons, and, using them as castanets, played an accompaniment to her beloved *chansons populaires*. A friend of mine who met her a short time since at Edinburgh tells me her suite of rooms were lovely, and she travels, like royalty, with attendants and her own *chef*. Her maid is a coloured woman, and she always has a young-lady companion. She wrote in my friend's birthday-book, "A beautiful voice is the gift of God," and she has preserved her gift in a quite unusual manner, as also her youthful appearance.

Her *fiancé*, Baron Cederström, was born in 1870, and is the eldest son of the late Baron Cederström. The patent of nobility was granted to the family as far back as 1684. Baron Cederström has become a naturalised Englishman, thus leaving his wife complete control of her large fortune, which under Swedish law she could not have had. After the early marriage-service at the Roman Catholic Church at Brecon, the wedding-party travel by a special train to London, and the wedding-breakfast takes place on the journey. ELEANOR HARBORD.



MADAME PATTI ON THE DAY OF HER WEDDING TO THE MARQUIS DE CAUX.



BARON CEDERSTRÖM, MADAME PATTI'S HUSBAND.

Photo by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

perfectly still while the gown was wrapped in rugs, did she escape being burnt. Her adorers, I am told, afterwards fought for the pieces of the burnt garment.

Her repertoire consisted of no less than thirty characters, and in all of these she was successful, but especially so as Anima, Zerlina, Rosina, Aïda, La Traviata, Marguerite, and Juliet. Rossini was devoted to her when she first sang in Paris, and considered her an ideal Rosina. Hanslick, the celebrated Austrian critic, said of her,



## AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

A TABLET TO COMMEMORATE THE MOST POPULAR HYMN IN OUR LANGUAGE.

Are hymns a part of literature? They make up so large a portion of the devotional life of Protestant communities the wide world over that one finds it hard to say that they are not. German soldiers marched to their battlefields singing Luther's famous hymn, and from Luther's day onwards countless millions of people have drawn their inspiration from one form or other of versified statement of religious belief. It is hard



REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, AUTHOR OF "ROCK OF AGES."

to say that Keble, Herbert, Cowper, and even Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts, did not on occasion give indications of that incommunicable fire in language which we call poetry, as distinct from verse. Matthew Arnold, however, than whom no truer judge in such matters has lived in our day, emphatically asserted that the hymnology of a country had no title to be counted as part of its literature, and he instances Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise from the Best English Hymn-Writers" as an example to prove his point. There was no genuine poetry in that book, he declared, as there was in "The Golden Treasury," and yet it contains the best work of the best hymnologists. Hymns, in fact, are like ballads: occasionally they contain the finest poetry. Who would deny that distinction to Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," or to Coleridge's "Christabel"? But, on the other hand, they may obtain a position in the literary history of a country quite out of proportion to their merits. Southey's "Lodore" and "Mary the Maid of the Inn" possess scarcely a suggestion of poetry, but they are permanently rooted among us, and so it is with a thousand-and-one hymns.

No hymn-writer has had anything like the popularity of Toplady, to whom a memorial has just been erected at Broadhembury. Toplady was born at Farnham, in Surrey, in 1740. He was "converted," to use the detestable parlance of those days and of our own, by a sermon that he heard in a barn from a follower of Wesley. He spent the greater part of his life, however, in furious controversy with Wesley and his friends, and some of the amenities of theological debate are quoted by Canon Bennett in his biography of Toplady in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Wesley's tract is described by Toplady as "a known, wilful, palpable lie," and we are told that his "Satanic guilt is only equalled by his Satanic shamelessness." They understood, indeed, in those days better than we how to—

Prove their doctrines orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks.

Toplady, who in his later life was devoted to the Church of England, will live for all time by his "Rock of Ages," which I cannot for a moment doubt is the most popular hymn in the English language. An interesting aspect of that hymn is its treatment by the compilers of the different hymn-books. In Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise" it is given in the form in which Toplady wrote it, and as here transcribed—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

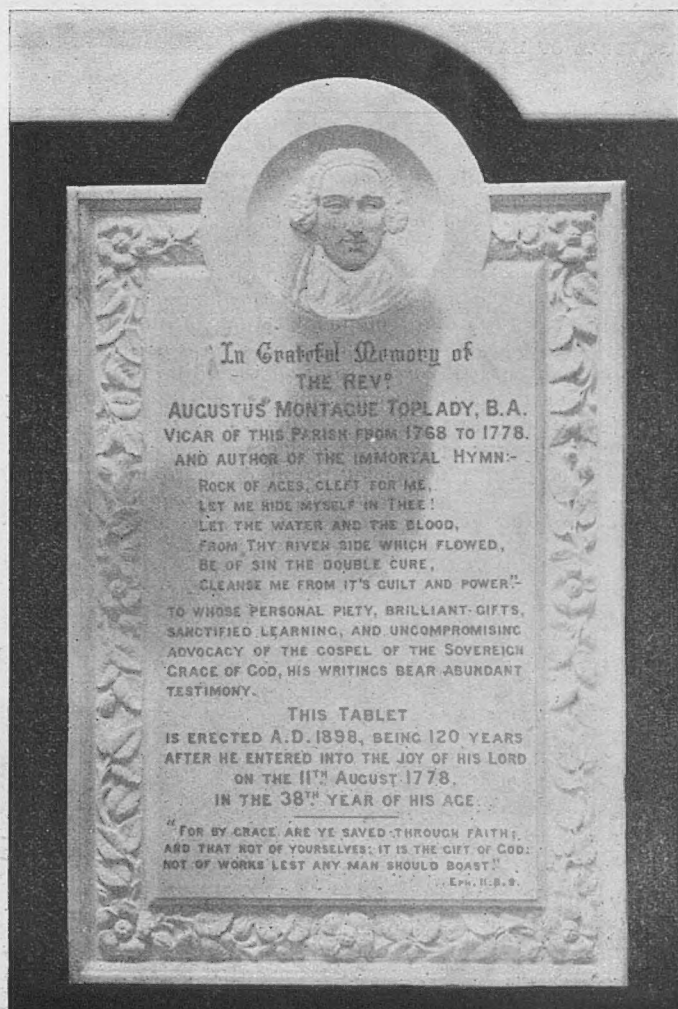
Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyestrings break in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

In "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the accepted hymn-book of the Anglican Church, it is printed with but one variation. Instead of "When my eyestrings break in death," the Anglican hymn-book has "When my eyelids close in death." The Congregational hymn-book has, again, only two variations, one the same as with the "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Instead of "When my eyestrings break in death," it runs, "When mine eyes shall close in death." The other variation is that, instead of "When I soar through tracts unknown," we have "When I soar to worlds unknown." The Wesleyan hymn-book, however, gives only three verses, leaving out the one beginning "Nothing in my hand I bring." Instead of "Cleanse me from its guilt and power," it has "Save from wrath and make me pure." While the last verse is practically the same as in the other versions, the second verse is entirely different, running as follows—

Could my tears for ever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

These modifications were, of course, not the author's, but Wesley's own, Wesley having taken similar liberties with a hundred other notable hymns. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gladstone, so long ago as 1839, translated Toplady's "Rock of Ages" into Latin verse.—C. K. S.



MEMORIAL AT BROADHEMBURY TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF THE  
REV. A. M. TOPLADY, WHO WROTE "ROCK OF AGES."  
S. J. Watts, Limited, Sculptors, Colchester.



## THE BONES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

All that is mortal of the immortal Christopher Columbus—to wit, a few paltry bones—was deposited in the Cathedral of Seville, amid great ceremony, on Thursday. Columbus was born in Genoa about 1436, and came of seafaring folk. On Oct. 12, 1492, he first sighted what is now believed to have been Watling Island, in the Bahamas. He discovered South America in 1498, and the Spaniards celebrated the quatercentenary of that act by losing hold of their possessions there.

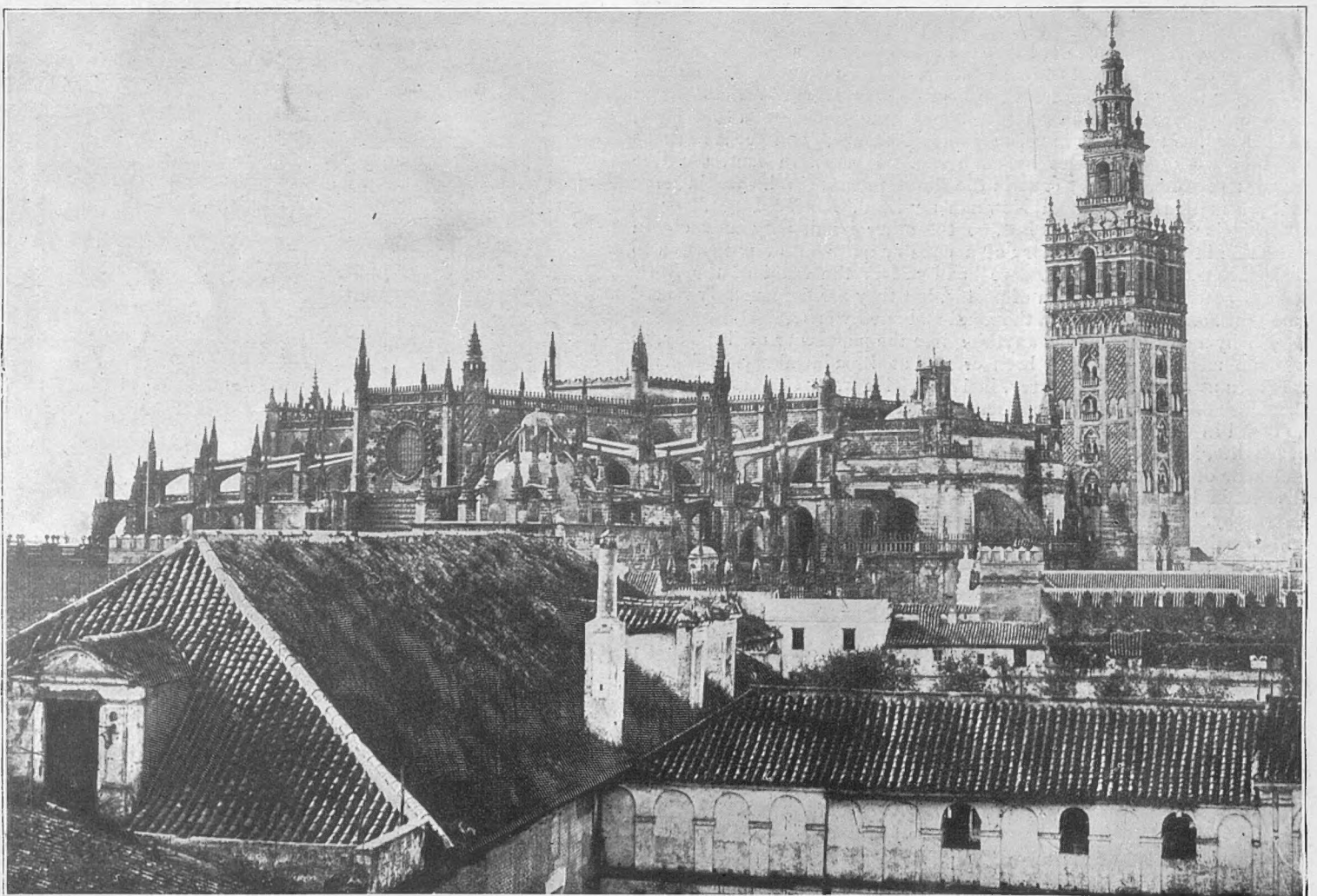
He died at Valladolid, in Spain, May 1506, and was buried near Seville. In 1536 his remains were taken to Santo Domingo, in Hispaniola, and in 1796 they were transferred to the Cathedral at Havana. A hundred years pass, and they are back in Spain. The ceremony of re-interment was carried out on Thursday with all the splendid pomp of the Roman Catholic Church. The road was lined with troops from the landing-place on the Guadalquivir, near the Moorish Torre del Oro (Tower of Gold), to the Cathedral, once also a Moorish temple. The banners saluted, almost touching the ground, officers and soldiers presented arms, the artillery thundered its salutes, the bells of the churches tolled mournfully, as the bier, carried on shoulders by high officers of the garrison, passed, preceded by a host of monks and priests from all the parishes and convents of Seville. On the remains entering the Cathedral, a salute of three guns was fired from the Torre del Oro, and fifteen more guns signalled the moment when Columbus was once more committed to earth in Spain. The Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Columbus, represented the King and the Queen-Regent at the ceremonies, which concluded with a solemn requiem.



THE LEADEN CASKET SUPPOSED TO HOLD THE BONES OF COLUMBUS.



CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA, WHERE THE BONES OF COLUMBUS HAVE COME FROM.



THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, TO WHICH THE BONES OF COLUMBUS HAVE BEEN BROUGHT FROM OVER SEA.





[Photo by F. A. Bourne, Eastbourne.]

## SPLASH POINT, EASTBOURNE.

Splash Point, opposite the Queen's Hotel, is familiar to most visitors to the Duke of Devonshire's very own watering-place, but summer promenaders have been known to ask why the name was given. This clever photograph, taken just before the recent gale, supplies a convincing answer. The spray, it will be observed, reaches to the height of the chimney-pots, and the word "splash," as applied to such a volume of water, seems ridiculously inadequate. The photograph was taken at no little risk and trouble. An unruly sea is about as difficult a sitter as an unruly child, and has a naughty and inconvenient way of trying to set back the clock in matters photographic by converting "dry" plates into wet ones.



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**ON MUSICAL-BOXES.**

It is interesting to trace any industry to its source, and undoubtedly the source or home of the musical-box is Geneva. It is to Genevese manufacturers that we owe the great strides and the many new developments and inventions which have been made in this branch of mechanical music.

A very pleasant and profitable hour may be spent in the showroom of any one of the noted firms, where there is much more to see and to admire than the traveller would suppose, and one cannot but be grateful for the courtesy and patience with which either proprietor or employé will explain as much of the mechanism as can be taken in by an outsider, and will wind up and exhibit instrument after instrument, whether his interviewer be a probable purchaser or the reverse.

First, there is the child's toy—the simple musical-box, costing three or four francs, with which we are all familiar, and of which the handle must be duly turned for the emitting of a certain wiry little tune, hardly to be dignified by the name of music. For double this price there are miniature harps, mandolines, guitars, &c., from which, on turning the key, an equally thin yet uppish little melody proceeds—one air for one instrument, and the visitor must be of tender years to appreciate that air.

Then come an astonishing array of useful objects—china plates, tumblers, decanters, inkstands, clocks, pipe-racks, ash-trays, and even a mock telephone—from all of which some kind of melody may be evoked. Many a trap awaits the unwary in the shape of what looks like the ordinary Swiss carved or inlaid chair, but which, on being "sat upon," takes no more kindly to the process than does a human being, and bursts at once into musical protest, rather to the astonishment of the temporary occupier. After this, one is prepared for anything, and footstools of the same nature awake no surprise; one even takes mild offence when a few seats, provided for the accommodation of customers, prove to be seats and nothing more.

All children are delighted with the cages of singing-birds, of which the plumage is so natural, and the sweet, caressing notes so admirable a reproduction. But these are, after all, not the triumphs of the showroom. We are introduced to an electrical piano, which plays automatically as soon as the electric-light is turned on. The quick movement of the notes, without the accustomed manipulation, produces an effect which is almost uncanny; but what a help would such music be at an impromptu dance or variety entertainment.

Then there is an ascending scale of musical-boxes, of beautiful and finished workmanship, some of them very large in size, and large also in price. Naturally, the more expensive the box, the more mellow the tone and the more varied the instruments imitated. For instance, in the Orchestra Box may be heard distinctly the drum, flute, zither, castanets, and bells—nay, more, they can even be *seen*, for, together with the regulator (for the pace), the indicator (to point to the name of the air), and the repeater, they are represented in miniature, and in silver, in the interior.

It is satisfactory to know that, by having a box made, airs may be chosen to order, though this is often no easy matter, so apparently limitless is the selection. Speaking generally, lively operatic airs, such as the "Shadow Dance" from "Dinorah," the "Market Song" from "Martha," good waltzes, and clear, crisp melodies of the "Robin Adair" type, go best. Classical music, such as Mendelssohn's "Lieder," beautiful as these are, should be avoided. They require the human hand (or is it the human soul?) to make them live. The airs, as everyone knows, are played upon a cylinder by a platinum comb, which catches the note and either releases it at once or retains it for a space. The shorter notes are small, pin-like wires projecting from the cylinder, but the breves, semibreves, and minims are loops of the same wire, more or less long, with the object of prolonging the sound. In a half-made box may be seen the bellows, or wind-bag, with its little padded stops, which let out or shut off the wind. As a rule, there are six airs on each cylinder, but, by having adjustable cylinders, one may multiply airs indefinitely—eighteen to forty is a very usual range. All this is interesting, but we have not yet made our bow to the king of the show-room, the majestic chief of all this musical brigade.

This is the Orchestrion, which presents the appearance of a chamber-organ, and is a marvel of invention and mechanical skill. It reproduces with such wonderful effect all the tones of a brass band, of a church-organ, or of a complete orchestra, that it is difficult to realise that the music is merely automatic. The action is pneumatic, the notes being represented by a complicated series of perforations on tissue-paper, which rolls slowly off the cylinder as the air proceeds. A whole army of cylinders are labelled, each in a separate case, so that one may choose one's favourite opera or oratorio, and enjoy the performance of it at leisure. As this is somewhat sonorous, the music of Wagner seems the most suitable, though many of the older operas—the "Huguenots," "Barber of Seville," and "Sonnambula" are charmingly played by this most capable of automatons. Such an Orchestrion has been bought by Madame Adelina Patti, and transferred to her castle of Craig-y-Nos in Wales, and many also find their way to America.

We, like many others, are not rich enough for so extensive a purchase, but we say to each other, as we leave this abode of music—how much more sensible to carry home as a speciality of Geneva a sweet-toned musical-box, however small, serving as it would to enliven a whole family, rather than the many *petits objets*, often expensive and useless, wherewith we litter our rooms, and prepare for ourselves a considerable trial on the day of the final "packing up." CICELY L'ESTRANGE.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

I gladly avail myself of all opportunities of remembering anniversaries, for they keep one in touch with the past. Hence I open "Small Talk" this week with a reminiscence of Burns, who came into the world one hundred and forty years ago to-day, and of the silver wedding of the Duke of Coburg—one can't be for ever pronouncing his triple-barrelled title.

Elsewhere in this issue I deal with the little-known county of Kin-cardineshire, where Burns's ancestors (then called "Burness") came from. One of the family was a packman who perished in a snowstorm near the bleak Kirk of Postlethen. He wrote a longish rhymed story in his vigorous vernacular, called "Thrummy Cap," which I have read with keen delight. It still sells, as a sort of chap-book, in the North, and one of my colleagues wrote a preface to an edition issued about fourteen or fifteen years ago. The picture on this page connects Burns and Sir Henry Irving in a curious way which, I fancy, few of my readers know. It represents the house in Edinburgh in which the two lived at periods seventy years apart.



HOUSE IN EDINBURGH WHERE BURNS LIVED IN 1787, AND WHERE SIR HENRY IRVING LIVED IN 1857.

*Specially Photographed for "The Sketch" by John Banks.*

"Almanach de Gotha" (which, by the way, is written in French)—it behoves me to deal with the Dukedom briefly. The Saxe-Coburg family is one of the most ancient and the most famous in Europe. Originally Counts of Wettin, they go back at least to Conrad the Crusader, Count of Wettin, who died in 1156. He was succeeded by descendants well known to history by distinctive names—Otho the Rich, Henry the Illustrious, Frederick the Grave, and so on. Frederick the Warlike, who bought the town and castle of Saalfeld, became an Elector of the Empire in 1422. His son Frederick the Gentle, Elector of Saxony, had two sons—Ernest, the founder of the Ernestine line of Saxony (now represented by the Duke of Edinburgh), and Albert, the ancestor of the present King of Saxony, who represents the younger line. The interest in the family first begins with Francis Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, whose son Ernest added (in 1826) the Duchy of Gotha to his dominions, ceding the Duchy of Saalfeld to the Duke of Meiningen. The present Duke was born fifty-five years ago, and his consort in 1853. Prince Alfred, his heir, is five-and-twenty. The following table explains itself—

Francis Frederick (1750-1806).

Victoria (1786-1861) m. Duke of Kent. Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, 1784-1845.

Queen Victoria = Prince Albert.

Duke of Edinburgh succeeded his father's elder brother in 1893.

Although Monday was the actual date of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the celebrations began on Sunday evening, when there was a serenade in the courtyard of the Friedenstien Palace, while a State Banquet was given at the Schloss, Gotha, on Monday. In view of the fact that the best and the oldest genealogical book in the world comes from Gotha—to wit, the dear, delightful, dumpy

Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe and Langenberg.

Duke of Coburg.

Grand Duke of Hesse.

Crown Prince of Roumania.

Prince Alfred of Coburg.



Prince's Hohenlohe and Langenberg.

Grand Duchess of Hesse.

Crown Princess of Roumania.

Duchess of Coburg.

A SILVER-WEDDING GROUP OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF COBURG AND THEIR FAMILY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



This rough sketch was made in Pretoria by Mr. Poultney Bigelow immediately after a call upon the Grand Old Boer in his home in the outskirts of the town. It represents the favourite attitude of the patriarchal President, haranguing his fellow burghers to the accompaniment of coffee-cup clatter and much relighting of big pipes. This was

during the days of Boer exaltation, when the Jameson Raid had resulted in the imprisonment of pretty much all that was intelligent and progressive in the South African Republic. The Boer Senate was discussing the question of a monument to their beloved leader, and this sketch was offered as a suggestion with that object in view. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that it was not accepted.

The birthday *Star* of last week was in most respects an admirable number. There was a fine poem by Mr. Swinburne, a



MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW'S IDEA OF A STATUE TO PRESIDENT KRUGER.

story by M. Zola, and many other attractions. The poet of the occasion, however, was Mr. Le Gallienne, who contributed a fuliginous ode on the River Thames. He imaged the labour spectre crouching for its prey in the farther darkness. Years ago, Macaulay spoke of Mr. Robert Montgomery's genius as being far too aspiring to be bound by the rules of Syntax. Mr. Le Gallienne, it would seem, does not feel himself bound by the shackles of geography. He "fables" that the river restrains the hand of the East from the throat of the West. Fable indeed! Was there ever so decisive a river as the Thames for dividing North from South London? Mr. Le Gallienne's idea needs correcting; but even the restraint of the hand of Surrey from the throat of Middlesex might prove to be a distasteful innuendo to the peaceful inhabitants of the South side.

For the first time, probably, in its history, the *Quarterly Review* is edited from Edinburgh. This arises from the fact that the newly appointed editor, Mr. G. W. Prothero, still holds the Chair of Modern History in the University of Edinburgh and will not relinquish the duties connected with that office till the end of the winter session. It is difficult to estimate the loss which Edinburgh will suffer by his departure. On the very day he entered the Northern capital in his rôle as Professor of History, he took an assured place in the intellectual life of the city. Added to this, he evinced a keen interest in the political and social life of his confrères, and at the present day, next to Lord Rosebery, he is the strongest supporter of Imperialism in Scotland. He is a keen sportsman, and his name is not unknown among mountaineers, golfers, and cyclists. Mrs. Prothero is a sister of Lady Mounteagle and of Professor Butcher, the latter succeeding Professor Blackie in the Chair of Greek in 1882.

A correspondent, who is more enthusiastic about politics than are most of the readers of *The Sketch*, expresses a hope that Sir William Harcourt will before next election enter the House of Lords, and, in conjunction with Mr. John Morley, lead the next Liberal Administration. He protests against the idea that because Mr. Morley has pointed out the absolute lack of loyalty to Liberal ideals now running among so many Liberals he is in any way faithless to his Party. My correspondent's letter, however, should have been addressed to the *Daily News* or *Westminster Gazette*, and not to *The Sketch*, which cares for none of these things. Or, if he fails to find a Liberal newspaper in London to his mind, let him write to the *Manchester Guardian*, which is in sympathy with Mr. Morley.

Despite the load of his eighty years, the Duke of Cambridge still keenly enjoys a day's covert-shooting at Six-Mile Bottom, his place near Newmarket, at Coombe Warren, in Surrey, or with his numerous friends. He is no longer sufficiently active to walk up partridges, for that is a form of sport combined with exercise better suited to younger men. Though not a remarkable shot, "the Duke," as soldiers still call their late Commander-in-Chief, is quick and sure when the cock-pheasants are streaming overhead, and accounts for his full share of the day's bag in the best of shooting company.

Is diplomatic talent hereditary? The question occurred to me when I read the notice of the promotion of the Honourable Odo William Theophilus Villiers Russell and Granville George Leveson-Gower, Earl Granville, to be Second Secretaries in her Majesty's Diplomatic Service. The former belongs, of course, to a house distinguished in politics. His father was for many years Ambassador at Berlin, and he himself has been learning the diplomatic art at Rome. His brother, Lord Amphill, is a private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain.

Earl Granville, who is only twenty-six, belongs to an equally well-known Whig house. His grandfather, the son of the first Marquess of Stafford, and the husband of a Cavendish, was Ambassador to several Courts, and his father was Mr. Gladstone's suave and amiable Foreign Secretary. The late Earl had a light touch. His dainty style of debating was much appreciated by the peers, and although he always wore the velvet glove, even Lord Salisbury sometimes felt his hand.

A lot of notable people are staying at the Hotel Bristol, Beaulieu, which stands upon a tongue of land, so that it has the sea on three sides of it, and practically every window commands a view of the Mediterranean. The hotel is a very fine building, containing something like two hundred rooms.

A gentleman who is apparently a bank-clerk protests very naturally against a reference to "bank-clerks and drapers' assistants" which was recently admitted inadvertently to our Cycling columns. Of course, although "a man's a man for a' that," there is a very good reason why bank-clerks and drapers' assistants should not be coupled in this way. Many drapers' assistants have, no doubt, been very capable, and some of them are, one willingly believes, highly educated men. One of the most distinguished of living Irish poets was, for example, until quite recently in the employment of a draper. At the same time, a bank-clerk must inevitably be a skilled workman in a way that no drapers' assistant can possibly be. He has to undergo examinations, and his manipulation of figures almost entitles him to be counted a man of science. One or two of our most brilliant men of science, of course, have been associated with banks, and one always remembers that Grote's magnificent "History of Greece" was written by a banker. Sir John Lubbock is also a banker, and the ex-President of the Folk-Lore Society—Mr. Edward Clodd—a brilliant writer and an able critic, holds the position of Secretary to the London Joint-Stock Bank.

An amateur performance of "The Belle of New York" took place in the Club rooms at 2, Whitehall Court, the other evening. The piece was compressed into three scenes, and all the characters were cleverly rendered. The music was very skilfully transposed by Mr. Cecil Seymour. About two hundred guests went at the invitation of Mrs. Walter Ellis, and the evening was most successfully concluded by a supper and dance.

The appointment of Mr. Joseph H. Choate as United States Ambassador to Great Britain was officially notified by President McKinley on Jan. 11, but had already been looked upon as a foregone conclusion. Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate is noted for his legal attainments, his wit and fine social qualities, his knowledge of affairs, and, what is perhaps more immediately to the point, for his cordial feelings towards this country. In a recent number of the *New York World* he wrote an eloquent eulogy of Anglo-American friendship, and drew from it the brightest auguries. He was educated at Harvard, and in 1855 was called to the Massachusetts Bar. At the New York Bar he became known as



MR. J. H. CHOATE, THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

Drawn by Homer Davenport.

a very able lawyer. In 1871 his spirited and successful attack upon municipal corruption brought him into prominence. Two notable public bodies—the Union League Club and the New England Society—in New York have claimed the new Ambassador as President. In political persuasion he is a strong Republican.



Mr. Dewar's name nightly glares on Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. But he himself has been gazing on the Pyramids and the land which the Needle came from. I can now imagine a little hymn transformed thus—

If I were a dromedary  
Of the plains of Timbuctoo,  
I should like the missionary  
Who could bring me Mountain Dew.

Some of the Sunday papers are getting positively ridiculous over the great *Coup d'État* in France which never comes off. Week after week we are told that the Great Event will be a Fact with the ensuing Sunday, but nothing ever happens. Personally, I think English newspapers should give France a rest—

I'm sick of the wearisome Dreyfus Affair,  
As told by the papers each morning;  
I'm tired of the anti-Republican scare,  
The fables fantastic that float in the air,  
The tales of infectious suborning.

I breakfast on kidneys, or sardines, or ham,  
And coffee or tea is selected,  
But it always is served with a Paty de Clam,  
Or the tale of some wonderful piece of a sham  
That just has been fully detected.

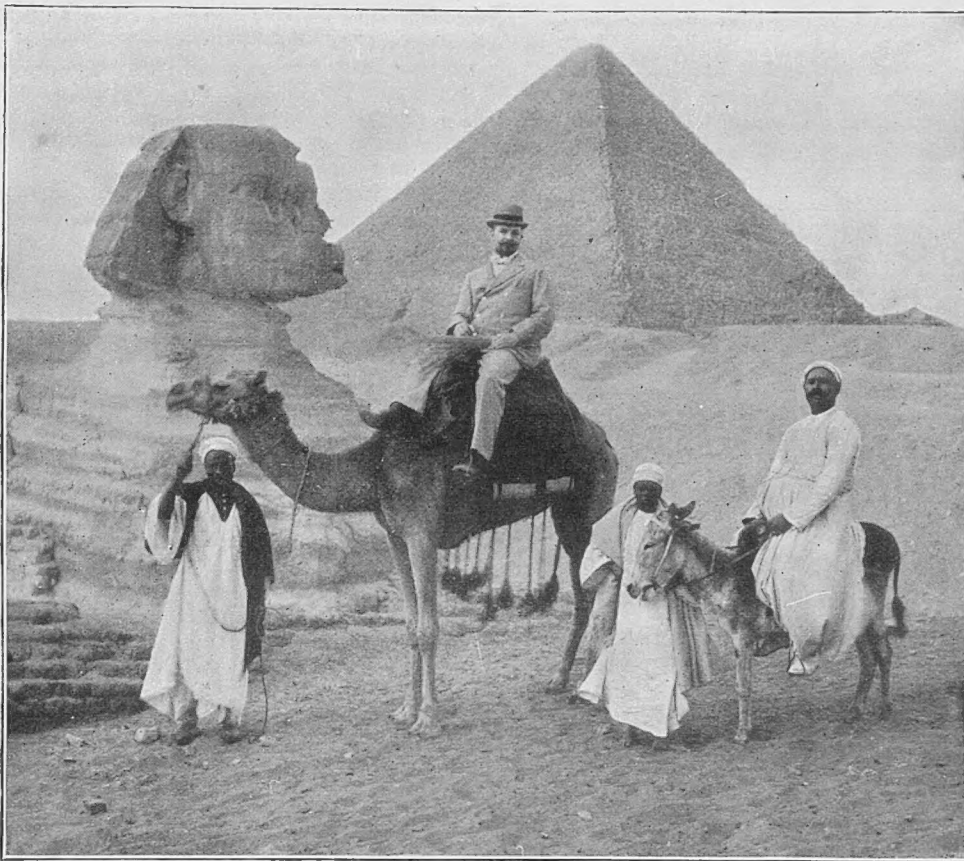
The Sirdar is praised: then he passes from view;  
Fashoda retires in the distance.  
But day after day I am told that a *Coup*  
Will suddenly drop like a bolt from the blue—  
Yet it never comes into existence.

We settle the quarrels of Turkey and Greece,  
And Crete takes a rest from its wrangle;  
The Czar has his say on the doctrine of peace  
(Though, meantime, the armies and navies increase),  
But Dreyfus is still in the tangle.

Go north or go south, to the east or the west,  
To cities, or wilderness mazy;  
It's ever the same, for, whatever your quest,  
The newspapers constantly try to infest  
Your sight with the weird Esterhazy.

Small wonder the novelists cease at their task,  
Since Fact is much stranger than Fiction,  
And History's tale of the Man in the Mask  
Must fade in the face of the questions we ask  
In this daily Dreyfusian infliction.

In view of Lord Iveagh's magnificent gift to the Pasteur Institute, this picture is of interest. It shows Professor Haffkine, who is seated and holding in his hand a hypodermic syringe, about to inoculate a young native Christian girl with some of his prepared matter containing specially nurtured anti-cholera microbes. The person holding her is the civil surgeon of the place (Chaibasa), Dr. Daley; the lady standing at his back is Mrs. Logsdail, wife of the S.P.G. Missionary, in the porch of whose mission bungalow Professor Haffkine operated upon some two hundred patients. A Ho Chief, Captan Manki, is standing at the back



ON THE ROAD TO KHARTOUM: MR. SHERIFF DEWAR ON HIS TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

to the left, and a crowd of people, old and young, most of whom were there to be inoculated, is standing looking on.

Cholera had broken out at a place called Saraikela, where one of the Rajas of the district lived, and Dr. Daley wired off for Professor Haffkine to come up from Calcutta to apply his system of inoculation to stop the spread of cholera, if possible, into the large neighbouring town of Chaibasa. Professor Haffkine at once came up, but the Raja, whose family had been attacked, fled; and so the Professor was practically stranded at Saraikela, and, owing to the Raja's flight, unable to do anything. This was unfortunate, but illustrates the difficulty of doing things in India. Dr. Daley could not allow so important a personage as Professor Haffkine to visit his district without making it of some value, so consulted the missionaries, and the Rev. A. Logsdail, the S.P.G. Missionary, promised to get some two hundred patients who would undergo inoculation. Most of these were naturally native Christians of his congregation, but a fair number of others who knew and could trust the missionary as their own medical man submitted themselves to the operation by his advice.

"What know we of the Empire, who only England know?"—to indulge in a parody. I have just received a sad tale from the River Niger, where about forty naval officers and bluejackets have been serving for the past fourteen months—at least, some of them have been serving this full period, but five died, and eighteen others were invalided home. Of the original crews which left England in 1897, only twenty-one remain to tell the tale of their sufferings. The climate was the most serious evil, and, added to this, they have had to work in a temperature varying from 100 to 140 degrees. This work was no mere play, for it included the fitting together of two gunboats which were sent out from England in sections, just as the Nile gunboats were forwarded. The crews worked so well that the Lords of the Admiralty sent out to them special thanks, but they received only sixpence a-day more than the Jack Tars who were comfortably spending their time at Portsmouth or Chatham. It is a pity the thanks had not a gilt edge!



HOW THEY INOCULATE FOR CHOLERA.  
Photo by the Rev. A. Logsdail.



I have received the accompanying circular from the Newsvendors' Institution, and, as I doubt not but that many of those who sell *The Sketch* also read it, I am pleased to give this publicity to a notable institution.

*Blackwood's Magazine* ("Old *Maga*") publishes next month its thousandth number, and the occasion is to be made notable by the issue of a double number. The associations of the old saloon in George Street, where have waited most of the literary lights of Edinburgh this century, are among the most sacred of the traditions of the Northern capital, and to-day everybody who is of any worth in Edinburgh visits the shrine, or seeks further for fame by desiring entrance into the old magazine of Scottish wit, wisdom, and conservatism. Within recent years it has been deprived of four of its leading supporters, for death has taken in rapid succession Blackie, Skelton, Mrs. Oliphant, and Alexander Allardyce. In its old age it has taken a new lease of life, and among other testimonies to its vitality is the fact that it has "discovered" various of the more brilliant

new yacht's measurements will be 420 ft. and 50 ft. respectively. She will be almost as long as the first-class cruisers of the *Diadem* type, but will have less beam. One innovation is to be introduced if a series of experiments now in progress are successful. The cabins will be made of non-flammable wood, as a protection against fire. The Admiralty are determined to complete this new royal yacht as soon as possible, and the dockyard men are busy until as late as ten o'clock most nights.

"Please supply four first-class battleships, two armoured cruisers of 12,000 tons displacement, and one armoured cruiser of 14,100 tons and a speed of twenty-three knots." This, in effect, is what the Admiralty have just said to the shipbuilders of England, and they are themselves arranging to lay down a fourth 12,000-ton armoured cruiser at Pembroke Dockyard. There are two other ships of this class still to be ordered, but they will probably be built at two of the Royal Dockyards. This will mark the putting in hand of the most stupendous naval programme—or rather, programmes—ever sanctioned even in this country. When these new orders have been finally settled and work commenced, there will be under construction no less than sixteen first-class battleships, twelve armoured cruisers, twenty ordinary "protected" cruisers, six sloops, two gunboats, and forty torpedo-boat destroyers. In other words, we shall be building over one hundred warships of various types. When it is remembered that the fleet already numbers 54 battleships, 14 coast-defence ships, 104 cruisers, and over 100 torpedo-boat destroyers—272 effective ships—some idea will be gained of the strength of the Navy, and in this calculation no account has been taken of sloops, gunboats, and torpedo-boats by the score.

The submarine boat is no longer a dream. It has evidently come to stay, and will prove an unwelcome addition to the already large family

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of our younger writers, among whom Neil Munro, Graham Travers, and "The Son of the Marshes" may be named.

A correspondent writes—

When in "Gib" last spring we tried again and again to catch sight of the monkeys, but, though we watched for a week—say, two hours or more each day—they kept out of sight. Yet on one occasion they crossed in full day the walls and roofs surrounding the old cemetery from the Alameda Gardens, where they had been to take a drink—in water—at the fountains. These monkeys, or Barbary apes, were, a dozen years ago, quite numerous, numbering some eighty; there are less than fifty now. The then Governor did not provide a drinking-tank for them, consequently it is presumed many died of thirst in the parching hot summer days. The present Governor has had a tank fixed and kept filled with water at which they drink, and where they can be counted, as they regularly visit it once or twice daily, early and late.

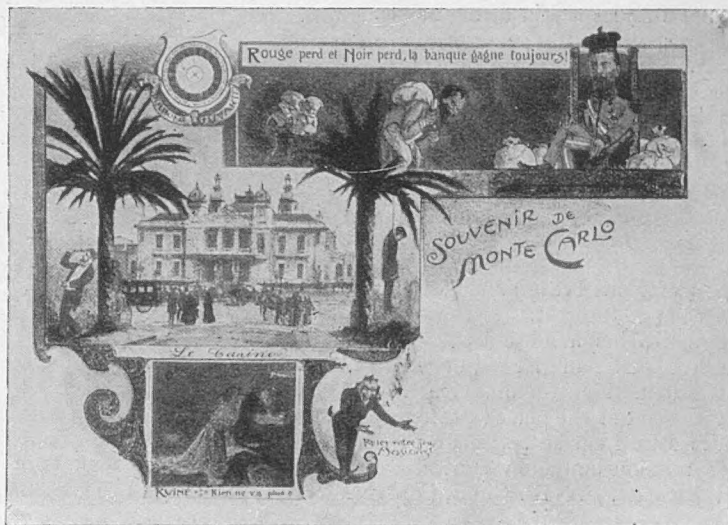
I was told a rather good story by a subaltern—but I will not vouch for every detail—concerning this quadrumanian colony. About two years ago some officers managed to detach a small monkey from its fellows at the drinking-trough and kept it for a fortnight in captivity. Then, for reasons of their own, they thought well to restore it. So they took the little beast back to the drinking-trough early one morning, before the others had arrived, and watched it in ambush. Presently the monkey colony came, reconnoitred, and, observing the truant—as they evidently considered him—held a consultation. After much chattering, two of the largest apes approached the returned wanderer, who appeared petrified with fear, seized him by his arms, and, after apparently strangling him, threw him over the precipice beneath the Signal Station, evidently in revenge as a deserter.

"The Institute of Printers and Kindred Trades of the British Empire" gave a concert in the St. Bride's Institute on Wednesday evening. In view of the fact that Wynkyn de Worde, the great printer,

lies in the neighbouring Church of St. Bride's (the vicar of which is Mr. Anthony Hope's father), St. Bride's Institute is a most appropriate meeting-place for printers. A capital programme was chosen by Mr. William Brett Plummer, of Messrs. Swain, the well-known engravers. The programme—I reproduce its opening page—was a novelty, the portraits of all the artists being printed in it in such a way that I should say it will be copied elsewhere.

The royal yacht, which will be named either the *Enchantress* or the *Balmoral*, is making fast progress, and will be ready to be launched in a few weeks. She will be a splendid vessel, a good sea-boat, and a swift traveller, for she is to be able to steam at 20 knots an hour. She has a steel hull, which will be sheathed with wood and coppered and she will have three masts and three funnels,

and, what is more, will be fitted with water-tube boilers and two screws. All the present royal yachts are paddle-vessels. The new vessel will have almost twice the tonnage of the *Victoria and Albert*. Whereas this ship is 300 ft. long, and has a beam of 40 ft. 3½ in., the



THIS POSTCARD IS FORBIDDEN AT MONACO.

group of small but devilish warships—torpedo-boats, torpedo-boat destroyers, and suchlike. If a third of all that is claimed by the French for the *Gustave-Zédé* is true, the British Navy should not be left long without some vessels of a similar type to assist in the defence of the Thames, Dover's great harbour-works, Portsmouth and Devonport Dockyards, the Bristol Channel coal-ports, and the great commercial harbours. For the *Gustave-Zédé* it is claimed that she has travelled no less than forty-one miles under conditions which, for all practical purposes, were those which she would have experienced under water. Apparently she can keep her course with only very occasional visits to the surface, and is invisible except at close quarters. She is a marvellous little box of machinery, 130 feet long, and with a displacement of only 265 tons, being about the size of an ordinary torpedo-boat destroyer. Though small, if she can manage to drive home torpedoes, there would not be much of any battleship to preserve after she had done her worst. The French, at any rate, believe in this modern naval marvel, and eight sister-craft are about to be ordered. They have at least one good quality—they are comparatively cheap; about forty of them can be built at the cost of a single battleship.

The Navy League has just concluded a spirited campaign in Scotland, the attraction it offered being a very picturesque and manly address by Lieutenant Knox, R.N., its Secretary, on the Evolution of the Battleship. Not the least praiseworthy of the methods to be used by this very vigorous organisation is to be a systematised attempt to bring the schoolboys of the country into touch with their principles and their work. Among other items in his programme, Mr. Knox lectures soon at Eton and other public schools. He rightly looks upon the youth of the country as those who will eventually mould or guide the destinies of the Empire, and his knowledge of humanity teaches him the susceptibilities of the youthful imagination and impressions. Whether it was an organised attempt or not, it was certainly the fact that in Edinburgh at least boys rallied to his side and gave him a hearing punctuated by such vigorous applause as seemed to indicate interest and enthusiasm.





The modern improver's desecrating hand has not yet been laid on the old church of Sutton, Bedfordshire. It has somehow escaped observation in these renovating days, and still retains its high, square pews, whose wooden walls long years have darkened into blackness. A splendid mural monument to the Burgoyne family is one of its chief ornaments, but another object on the same side of the church deserves



SUTTON CHURCH, BEDFORDSHIRE, WHERE THE FLAG OF  
H.M.S. "CAPTAIN" HANGS.

Photo by Mrs. Delves Broughton.

even greater attention. It is but a tattered, discoloured flag, and yet, when its history is told, the pitiful story it recalls claims for it an interest and a sadness all its own. Saved from the sea, this trophy recalls the tragic loss of one of England's monarchs of the deep, the ill-fated warship *Captain*, that, struck by a sudden squall, turned keel uppermost, and sank in three minutes. She was an ironclad turret-ship, with a low free-board and three masts, and doubts had been expressed as to her stability.

Hardly had these rumours been whispered abroad than they were proved, alas, too true, and on Sept. 7, 1870, a few minutes after midnight, off Finisterre, the *Captain* went down with more than four hundred and seventy men and officers. Amongst the latter was the designer of the vessel, Captain Cowper Coles, also Mr. Childers (a son of the First Lord of the Admiralty), and Captain Hugh Burgoyne. Only one warrant-officer and seventeen seamen were saved, and these were, next morning, discovered clinging to portions of the wreckage. A brass plate on the wall in Sutton Church, near the remains of the flag, tells us that—"Above was saved from the wreck of H.M.S. *Captain*, which foundered at sea Sept. 7, 1870: and was placed in this church by Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., in memory of his friend and kinsman, Captain Hugh Talbot Burgoyne, R.N., V.C., who lost his life gallantly doing his duty to the last."

That notorious Northern patriot, Mr. Theodore (why not Sir Theodore?) Napier, like Sir John Falstaff, is not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in other men. This is his latest from the *Scotsman*, and it is for Jacobites south of the Tweed—

THE 250th ANNIVERSARY OF THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I.—ROYALISTS and JACOBITES are reminded that MONDAY the 30th inst. being the ANNIVERSARY of above Event, all Wreaths intended to be placed on the Statue of KING CHARLES at CHARING CROSS, LONDON, are required to be sent to the Office of BOARD of LAND and WORKS, WHITEHALL, on the Morning of SATURDAY the 28th inst.—THEODORE NAPIER, Hon. Secretary, Scottish Branch, Legitimist Jacobite League.

My readers may be reminded that this is the same gentleman who promoted a national memorial against the use of the word "English" for British; he has also promoted the celebration of the anniversary of Bannockburn, and, in his Highland dress and manners, he is more Celtic than those to the manner born.

An interesting little piece of autobiography was omitted in nearly all the papers from Sir William Harcourt's letter to the editor of *Young Wales*. Evidently he had been asked for an article, and in the course of his letter he wrote, "Alas! nature has denied me a gift which it has so bountifully bestowed upon many, and I shall go to my grave undistinguished by an article or an interview." It is amazing that so interesting a sentence should have been omitted. The explanation I have heard of its omission is still more wonderful. It is said that a newspaper correspondent who copied the letter and sent it round to a number of papers left out the words in question because he was afraid they would excite suspicion as to the genuineness of the document. Even in its sub-edited form, the *Daily News* guardedly referred to it as an "alleged" letter. Poor Sir William! Letters are attributed to him which he never wrote, and when he writes an interesting letter it is cut down to please the sub-editor.

An interesting discovery was made recently at Neuchâtel. In digging up a piece of uncultivated land, some labourers came across a beautiful ring, richly chased, and set with precious stones, about three

feet underground. It was taken to the authorities, who have had it examined by experts. These gentlemen think that it must have belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, as the place where it was unearthed happens to be the site of the disastrous Battle of Granson. Here he was totally routed by the Swiss, who captured his camp and quantities of rich booty. This ring very probably fell into a hole in the ground or ditch, and in process of time became buried deeper and deeper, until it was finally dug out the other day.

A correspondent writes: "I have just been reading Bismarck's Life and Journals, and, apropos of the references to the relation of the First William and the late Pope, a letter (dated Cheyne Row, Nov. 24, 1873) which I have in my possession from Thomas Carlyle, and which has hitherto not seen the light, is characteristic, and interesting from a historic and literary point of view—

"There is not, nor ever was, the slightest vestige of foundation for that foolish rumour of my writing about Kaiser Wilhelm and the Pope. At no moment in the last half-century has the Pope appeared to me other than a scandalous Phantasm, altogether despicable and altogether damnable, awakening in every earnest man only the question, 'How long, oh Lord, how long till this Father of Hypocrisies is thrown out of thy earnest world?' In Bismarck I firmly trust, and, indeed, have never doubted that this Blasphemous Humbug had found his fit man for dealing with him, so that speech about such a matter was not needful. Let the dead bury their dead."

Lady Barkly has just presented to Clayesmore School, Enfield, the excellent collection of Australian and South African fossils and ore made by the late Sir Henry Barkly, G.C.M.C., K.C.B., while Governor of Victoria (Australia) and Cape Colony.

Near Lodge Lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool, live a very interesting couple—Mr. and Mrs. Kenmuir—whose united ages make up the large total of a hundred and ninety-one years. The lady is the older, being a hundred and seven, while her husband is only eighty-four, and last year they celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage-day. Mrs. Kenmuir is in perfect health, very feeble, of course, but she is wonderfully clear in her ideas about things past and present. Her family has been noted for the longevity of its members, her father dying when he was a hundred and her uncle when he was a hundred and fifteen. This last-mentioned gentleman, a sailor of very bright and lively nature, was over a hundred when he crossed the Atlantic to visit relations in America, and, what is still more remarkable and almost



A FLAG SAVED FROM THE WRECK OF H.M.S. "CAPTAIN" IN THE  
BAY OF BISCAY IN 1870.

Photo by Mrs. Delves Broughton.

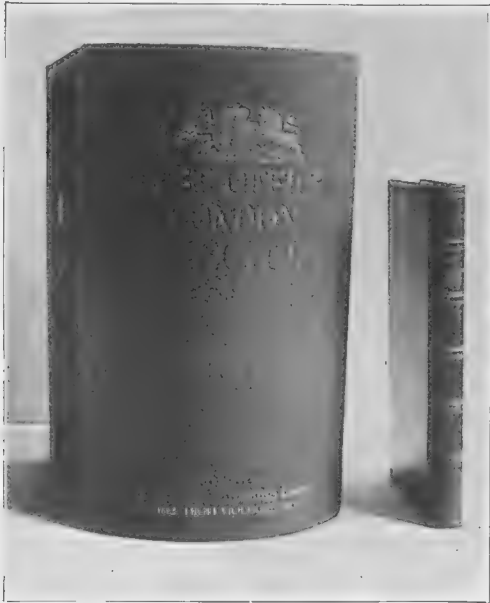
incredible, he danced the Liverpool hornpipe the year before his death with wonderful ease and grace. The old couple are poor, but very contented, and lovers still. Asked not long ago to what she attributed her great age, Mrs. Kenmuir shortly replied, "To God," and that she had always been very temperate.



Oliver Wendell Holmes is responsible for the assertion that—

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer;

but he reckoned without the "Post Office London Directory." Instead of crumbling into a heap of dust, like the deacon's "one-hoss shay," on



THE FIRST AND THE LATEST EDITION OF THE  
"LONDON DIRECTORY."

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

its hundredth birthday it can boast of a robustness which few could have foretold for it at its birth. In the matter of solid weight, for example, it offers you to-day a pound for every ounce of the volume of a hundred years ago, the exact figure of the recently published edition being 11 lb. 1 oz. against the 11 oz. of its century-old forerunner. When you count up the pages of the two books, you find that the 292 pages of the first volume are represented to-day by the amazing total of 3520 pages! It is only because the paper is thoroughly rolled, Mr. John Kelly explains, that this ponderous volume withstands so successfully the constant

usage to which it is subjected. The preparation of the "London Directory" is naturally one of the biggest tasks accomplished by Messrs. Kelly and Co. every year; but it is surprising to learn that the work—which involves annually the alteration of one name in six or seven right through the book—is compressed into a couple of months at the end of each year. The revision is delayed as long as possible, in the interests of correctness, and the recognised day for the publication of the volume is Dec. 14. All the Directories of the large towns are revised annually, but those for the counties are so dealt with only every four years.

Captain John Whitmore Bennett, the oldest of the commanders of the cross-Channel services, has just retired on a well-earned pension, having completed a record service of fifty-three years. It is estimated that during this period he has made the voyage across Channel nearly thirty thousand times. Always a popular commander, Captain Bennett commenced his cross-Channel experience under the South-Eastern Company in the old type of boats, sometimes going to Ostend and Calais in addition to Boulogne. After sixteen years with this company, he joined the London and Chatham Company, and inaugurated their mail-service between Dover and Calais, bringing their first steamer, the *Samphire*, from the Thames Shipbuilding Yards to Dover in 1861. Captain Bennett tells many interesting reminiscences of the sea in connection with his long experience, and has conveyed across Channel most royal personages. On one occasion he carried ashore the present German Emperor when he was a child.



CAPTAIN BENNETT HAS CROSSED THE  
CHANNEL 30,000 TIMES.

Photo by Amos, Dover.

A few weeks ago I referred to Mr. Kipling's "Fleet in Being," but, now that he has taken to writing of those that go down to the sea in ships, he can no longer lay claim to the title of our only Kipling, since he has been anticipated in the creation of Mulvaney by Captain Drury, whose "Tadpole of an Archangel" veils under a fantastic title some of the brightest of Naval fun. Captain Drury (or rather, Major Drury, since he gained his majority last December), who is at present serving in H.M.S. *Camperdown*, is a native of Plymouth, and has added another name to the long roll of brilliant West Countrymen. He has served much abroad in the Mediterranean and the Far East, and he writes of the men and things that have come within the scope of his personal experience; hence the verisimilitude of his yarns.

Captain Drury landed in Crete in command of the Marines who were sent to reinforce the British camp the day after the terrible massacres of Sept. 6 last. The town being in possession of some twenty thousand Bashi-Bazouks, he and his men had to swim through the heavy surf, all encumbered as they were by their arms and accoutrements, amply justifying their amphibious character by effecting the landing with complete success, like the takers of Lungtungpen, although scarcely attired in the same simple undress as the heroes in that story. He is also a draughtsman, for the quaint allegorical design of the book-cover of his "Tadpole of an Archangel" is his own idea, executed by himself. Although he began to write only a year or two ago, the "Tadpole" is not his first book, for a dozen of his tales which had appeared in the *Globe and Laurel*, the Marine regimental paper, were republished in book-form, under the title of "The Petrified Eye," by the proprietors of that bright little journal, for the amusement of his comrades, "soldiers and sailors too." Being printed chiefly for private circulation, the book is now out of print, although I called attention to it in these pages at the time of its publication. Captain Drury is contemplating the publication shortly of a third *douzaine* of his droll stories.

The services of medical men with the Army are too often overlooked, but not many officers, medical or otherwise, have such a splendid record as that of Deputy Surgeon-General Sir Robert Jackson, K.C.B., who has been granted a Distinguished Service pension. Joining the Army in 1854, he served with Lord Wolseley's old regiment, the 90th (Perthshire) Light Infantry, now the 2nd Cameronians, throughout the Crimean War, went through the Mutiny in medical charge of a battalion, and was with the Camel Corps at the capture of Calpee. Then he went to the Gold Coast with Lord Wolseley in 1873, and served throughout the Ashanti War, was present at the operations against Sekukuni in 1879, and was in Egypt for the campaign of 1882, being present at Tel-el-Kebir. He has many decorations, and has been "mentioned" three times. Sir Robert retired in 1882, after twenty-eight years' arduous service.



HEAD OF LADY JANE GREY'S FATHER.

A ghastly relic of the Tudor dynastic quarrels was recently exhibited in Holy Trinity Church, the Minorities (just closed as obsolete in a neighbourhood where there is now practically no resident population), to a few friends of the Vicar, Dr. Samuel Kinns. Some forty-six years ago the present Lord Dartmouth was searching the vaults where so many of his ancestors lie buried when "he came across something that might have been a basket (for it had all but perished) filled with sawdust. On examining it, he found it to contain a head in a remarkable state of preservation." The head is probably that of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, beheaded on Tower Hill Feb. 23, 1554, eleven days after the execution of his daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley. These two young people owed all their misfortunes to their respective fathers, but Suffolk, "as weak as he was ambitious," was a mere tool in the hands of the grasping Duke of Northumberland, father of Dudley. His object was, for purposes of his own, to secure the throne to the charming, clever Lady Jane, great-granddaughter of Henry VII. through the female line.

The tradition goes, according to Dr. Kinns, that "the executioner was bribed to bring the head secretly to Holy Trinity Church, close by the Tower, and place it in the vault, where it was found." The extraordinary preservation can be accounted for only by the belief that the sawdust in the basket was of oak, which would have had a tanning effect on the skin. The mummified features are considered by experts to correspond with those depicted in authentic contemporary portraits of the Duke, the missing beard being accounted for by the fact that he was shaved before execution. Dr. Kinns has several times been tempted to sell this head in the interest of church-restoration—once by a £500 offer from an American, to whose countrymen the place is endeared as possessing on one of the monuments the Washington Arms, from which originated the Stars and Stripes, and twice by distinct offers of £1000. But he has resisted, and rightly, for, with the demolition of the church, the proper resting-place of the head is the Tower of London, where, eventually, visitors will probably be able to see it.

The most powerful locomotive in the world has recently been built by the Pittsburg Locomotive Works for the Union Railroad of Pennsylvania. It completely outdistances the twelve-wheel locomotive of the Great Northern Railway, whose weight was 308,750 lb., as its weight is 334,000 lb., its total length 55 ft. 3½ in., while it is capable of hauling on a perfectly level road a weight of 6,800 tons, which would be equivalent to 161 loaded coal-cars.



The "Popping Stone" marks the spot where Sir Walter Scott asked Miss Carpenter to marry him. It is situated in the beautiful valley of the Irthing, at Gilsland, an inland watering-place near Carlisle. The Popping Stone is visited by many thousands during the summer months, and, it is said, many a laggard lover has had his courage screwed up to



THE "POPPING STONE," WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT ASKED AND WON HIS WIFE.

Photo by H. Vaughan Walker.

popping point at this romantic spot. In the immediate neighbourhood may also be seen "Mumps Ha," which Scott immortalised in "Guy Mannering," whilst a little farther afield the Roman Wall and Lanercost Priory prove attractions to visitors to Gilsland.

Sir Richard Tangye must have watched with interest the apparent ease and complete success of the launching of the *Oceanic*, that greatest of all the leviathans of the merchant marine, for the White Star Line. It must have recalled very vividly the difficulties experienced in launching the *Great Eastern*. One dark night in 1856, Brunel's agent found his way to Tangye's then modest workshop, which was down an entry behind a baker's shop in Birmingham. Sir Richard, then plain Richard Tangye, opened the door to him, when the stranger, apparently disappointed, apologised and was moving away. In reply to the question as to whose place he was looking for, he said, "Tangye's." This was the introduction which led to the order for the hydraulic jacks which successfully launched the *Great Eastern* and laid the foundation of Tangye's after-success. In his own words, "We launched the *Great Eastern*, and the *Great Eastern* launched us." The expense of launching alone cost over £70,000. In marine engineering Brunel taught the doctrine that the bigger the ship the less the resistance per ton of cargo; that, as Professor Elliott said at the Institute of Marine Engineers the other day, if they wanted a flourishing commercial trade, they must have a big ship and a good speed. He denied that the *Great Eastern* was a failure, and said that, if the New York Dock authorities had done their duty, she would have been a success. As a railway engineer, Professor Elliott put Brunel also as high as it was possible to put anyone, and the seven-foot railway-gauge advocated by him would have allowed of much higher speed on our railways.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has been lecturing on R. L. Stevenson in Glasgow, has written a paper on "Stevenson's Relations with Children," from personal knowledge, which will duly appear about midsummer in a British and American magazine.

Apropos the proposal to honour the memory of William Nicholson, the laureate of Galloway, with a centenary celebration, the date of Nicholson's birth, and also that of his death, are matters about which his biographers are at variance. Certain it is, however, that the hundredth anniversary of his birth has long since passed, and the inscription on his tombstone in the little churchyard of Kirkcandrews, recording that he died, in his sixty-seventh year, on May 16, 1849, may be accepted as correct. Nicholson began life as a pedlar or packman—a by no means unremunerative calling in the early years of the century. It had its temptations, however, and some of these Nicholson's temperament was unable to withstand, and he became known throughout his native shire, where he played at fairs and markets with his bagpipes, as a gaberlunzie, or beggarman. Dr. John Brown, in his "Horræ Subsecivæ," pays a fine tribute to the genius of Nicholson. Referring to the bard's poem, "The Brownie of Blednoch," he thus wrote: "Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour, word-music, dramatic power, even wit—all are here. I have often read it aloud to children, and it is worth anyone's while to do it. You will find them repeating all over the house for days such lines as take their heart and tongue." And so the contemplated celebration will verify the prediction engraven on the tombstone of the "bard of Galloway"—"No future age shall see his name expire."

Honours at the hands of their countrymen still await two distinguished soldiers who have played a conspicuous part in recent events in Egypt and the Soudan—to wit, Major-General Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., D.S.O., the Governor of Dongola and Commandant of the Field Force in Egypt, who was knighted by her Majesty at Osborne the other day, and Brigadier-General Hector Macdonald, who played so conspicuous a part in the Battle of Omdurman. Sir Archibald Hunter has not been in very robust health lately, a circumstance that may be accounted for by his long and arduous service and the contingencies of the military service. Joining the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment a quarter of a century ago, he has spent a large proportion of the intervening years abroad, and for the past ten years Egypt has been the field of his activities. He has not much desire, it is believed, to return to Egypt, and would prefer future service in India. Sir Archibald was wounded slightly at Toski in 1889, and severely at Gimmiss. The Corporation of Glasgow are making preparations for a banquet; his old comrades at Glasgow Academy are to do him a similar honour; and on the occasion of his home-coming to Highthorn, near Ayr, he is to be presented with a sword of honour.

Brigadier-General Hector Macdonald's exploits in the Soudan have, naturally enough, been followed with interest by his clansmen all over the world, and representatives of the Clan Macdonald in this country and in America have had the matter of publicly acknowledging his services and gallantry in hand for some time. The suggestion of a Macdonald in Montreal to present the distinguished Highland soldier with a sword of honour is being acted upon, the Macdonald Society taking the initiative, and the Provost of the Highland capital receiving moneys for that purpose. Brigadier-General Macdonald is also to receive honour from the Gaelic Society of London, with whom other North Country societies will unite on an early date in fêting, as a Macdonald puts it, "the greatest head of their race of the present day." Brigadier-General Macdonald could, by the way, if he wished, speak authoritatively on the question as to the alleged slaughter of wounded Dervishes at Atbara and Omdurman.

These mouldering, ivy-clad ruins mark a site of deep historic interest. They are remains of the great Abbey Church at Bury St. Edmunds. Close to the great pillar stood the high altar, and it was here the Barons met in 1214, and solemnly swore to wrest from King John a Charter of Liberties. The meeting took place on Nov. 20, the feast of St. Edmund. Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, administered the oath to five-and-twenty Barons. A tablet inscribed with their names is affixed to the other side of the pillar. Among them are those of FitzWalter, Marshal of the Baron's army; Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford; Richard de Clare; William de Hardell, Lord Mayor of London; William de Mowbray, and Henry de Bohun, Earl of



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ABBEY OF BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

Hereford. At the foot of the great pillar, Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, is buried. He was the second son of John of Gaunt, and was Lord Chancellor and High Admiral of England. At the Battle of Agincourt, 1415, he commanded the rear-guard. Dying at Greenwich in 1427, he was buried, by his own wish, in the Abbey Church at Bury. In 1772 some workmen digging on the north side of the church came upon the coffin.



Pantomime will soon have ceased to be the rage, and the regular shows will take "the road." I am glad to see that Shakspeare has been a success in lieu of pantomime at some places. The very latest Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," just transferred to the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, after a month's run at the Glasgow Royalty, is Miss Joan Burnett, the promising young daughter of Miss Jennie Lee. Shakspeare's fairy-play was played for five weeks, a year and a-half ago, at another Edinburgh theatre, the Royal. All the three Scotch playhouses just named are conducted by the firm of Howard and Wyndham, Limited.

The opera compromise which has just been effected is quite what one might have desired without altogether expecting it. Mr. Faber, in a word, has been "bought out," the Syndicate has paid him £110,000 for the lease of Covent Garden, and therewith Earl de Grey and Mr. Higgins, supported by the purely business individuality of their tried and trusty lieutenant, Mr. Neil Forsyth, return to the field of their former triumphs. The electric-light will be installed; the smoking-lounge will be built; Mr. Grau will be the reigning influence in the re-engagement of his incomparable company, and we may trust that there will be no such eclipse of modern music as was anticipated. Mr. Faber's withdrawal may thus even be described as patriotic.

The Advocates' Library of Edinburgh, under the Copyright Act, is one of those libraries entitled to a copy of every work that is published, and has been obliged lately to build an extension of premises abutting on George IV. Bridge for increased storage of books. Sir Walter Scott and every literary man who has done anything in literature in Scotland have been indebted to this library for aid in research, and proposals have been made from time to time to make it a truly National Library, and open it



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE AS CAPTAIN SPANKER, AT THE ADELPHI.  
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

to the general public. In the absence of initiative, the proposals have generally fallen flat. In the Librarian's report, issued on Jan. 18, the total number of publications received last year is given as 42,654, an increase of 4604 over 1897. To the Manuscript Department a valuable addition has been made in the shape of nine volumes of the original letters addressed to Dr. Robert Anderson, editor of *The Bee* and of the well-known series of the "British Poets." These have been presented by Surgeon-General James Irvine, M.D.

The generosity of brewers knows no limits. The Danish Carlsberg beer is to Scandinavia what Scotch whisky is to the rest of the world. For many years Mr. Carl Jacobsen, the proprietor of the Carlsberg Brewery, has shown extraordinary interest in the development of science and art in Denmark, and it is to a large extent due to him that Copenhagen occupies such a high position in the modern developments of technical science. For the scientific study of brewing in all its aspects he has equipped a laboratory unequalled in the world. In 1888 he presented to the town a magnificent collection of Scandinavian and modern French sculptures, and finally housed them in the "Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek," built at his own expense. Here are gathered the greatest works of the modern Danish sculptors, including Bissen, Jerichau, and Stephen Sinding. The collection is of special interest as showing the transition from the Scandinavian to the Celtic ideas of

art. Besides the statuary, there is a small room of paintings containing Millet's "Death and the Woodcutter," and a fine Rembrandt. And now Mr. Jacobsen has again come to the front and offered to the municipal authorities his entire art treasures, valued at a quarter of a million pounds, provided that a suitable building is erected for their reception. Little Denmark may be considered a great nation with such citizens.



"What big eyes you have, Grandmamma!"



And then Grandmamma rises.

MISS NELLY RANDALL AND MR. PHILIP SEFTON IN "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, CROYDON.

From Photographs by Bender and Co., Croydon.





MISS MILLIE LEGARDE AS CAPTAIN SPANKER IN "DICK WHITTINGTON,"

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



## MEAT FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

The embarkation of bulls at Tangiers to furnish beef for our troops and the inhabitants of Malta is probably one of the most revolting scenes a humane Britisher has to shudder at during a run through the Mediterranean. The traffic is mostly carried on by a good class of British "tramp" steamers, the officers of which hate the business with good cause, and execrate it heartily.

The Tangiers bull is not very large, nor does he bear any resemblance to the magnificent brute which looks out of a teacup on our advertisement hoardings, but, thin and disreputable-looking as he is, he is not a very pleasant customer to tackle.

The bulls in large droves are hustled along the beach and along the rocky juts of land which project into the bay by means of beating with stout sticks, by dint of tail-twisting, and prodding with knives. Arrived at the lighters, or flats, which are to take them alongside of the ship anchored in the bay, they are shoved bodily off the rocks into the lighters, and often fall "higgledy-piggledy" on top of one



SHIPPING A BULL IN TANGIERS.

another; a good many are gored in this process, and many lose an eye, gouged out by his neighbour's horn, while in the lighter little loops of rope are made fast, "figure-of-eight" fashion, around the base of their horns.

On arrival alongside, it is usual for the skipper to beg the consignee to permit him to use slings, and so get the beasts on board in fair comfort and with but little greater waste of time. For this humane and business-like proposal he is laughed to scorn by the Moor, and the horrible process of embarkation begins. The ship's crane is got to work, and the end of the chain is armed with a large hook; this is let down among the natives, who are scrambling along and among the bulls' backs, and is passed through the "horn-rope" of a bull, which is thereupon lifted, kicking and struggling, from among his fellows. A few knocks against the ship's side soon quiet him, and, after dangling in mid-air for a few seconds by the horns, as shown in the accompanying photograph, he is lowered on to the iron deck, where the tail-twisting and beating begins again and continues until he is fastened to the rail alongside of his fellows. The lines are close-packed, no partition being placed between the bulls. By this time he is generally bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth, either from rupture of blood-vessels from the strain, or from blows against the ship's side. The requisite number of bulls having been thus packed with more or less safety, the next thing to do would seem to be to ship some food for them. A certain amount of so-called hay is piled in the middle of the main deck, and the observer is apt to ask if it is anything like sufficient

for the voyage. He is assured that, although the amount shipped for a hundred bulls looks like one meal for forty or so, it will be quite enough, for the bulls' throats are so strained that for the greater part of the voyage they will be unable to swallow.

Out of two hundred bulls the writer has seen as many as thirty with broken tails, and as many as twenty with an eye torn from its socket. The broken tails are considered rather an advantage by the Moors. They can by twisting a broken one inflict more agony, and secure a consequently greater share of docility. To do them justice, the sailors try to be as humane as possible, but, as the



TOMMY READS "THE SKETCH."

Photo by Mess-Sergeant Hannan, The Welch Regiment.

bulls are very free with their heels, a good many tars are provoked by bruised shins to take revenge. Occasionally a bull escapes and gores his companions, and occasionally one or two die; but, as a rule, quite 98 per cent. arrive at Malta.

R. A. P.

## IN A BRIGHTON EXPRESS.

On the fifty-odd miles of everyday commonplace railway that connect London with London-by-the-Sea one would hardly look for adventures. Yet between Victoria and Brighton, not so many months ago, I found myself in a situation which, I venture to think, was as trying to one's nerves as some of those hair-breadth 'scapes, those incidents of flood and field, which hold spell-bound the readers of the *Wide World Magazine*. The season was early spring, the time early afternoon, when I stepped at Victoria into a comfortable empty "smoker," which, the train being uncrowded, I had found no difficulty in selecting. Settled in a corner behind an early edition of the *Westminster Gazette*, I heard with inattentive ear the signal of departure, and was only roused from my reading by the opening of the carriage-door when the express was actually in motion. Looking up, I beheld a passenger with a Gladstone-bag thrust violently into the compartment by an obliging official; the door was slammed with the usual disregard for the passengers' nerves and the company's property, and our eighty minutes' journey was begun. My fellow-traveller was a thick-set man of middle-height and middle-age. His face was swarthy and clean-shaven, his hair close-cropped, a "sable silvered." His eyes were black, piercing, shifty, and, in my opinion, he looked indubitably cracked. He was clad, to begin at the top, in a very tall silk hat rammed tightly on his head. To descend to the opposite extreme, he was shod in large, square-toed shoes, tied indidly, while between the extremities I have mentioned were legs in ill-cut serge trousers, and a body in three coats (though it was far from cold), the outer one a heavy black garment trimmed with shabby imitation astrachan—altogether so uncanny a figure that, though by no means a nervous man, I would certainly have changed my carriage had time allowed. However, my companion, after some fidgeting, settled himself down in the corner diagonally opposite to my own, and read his paper while we ran slowly through Clapham Junction and the near suburban stations. Croydon was passed without any disturbing incident. Red Hill was reached and rushed through, and then my undesirable fellow-traveller proceeded to open his bag, and to arrange on the seat opposite him a variety of belongings—a pipe, a tobacco-pouch, a brush and comb, a case which looked like razors, a tooth-brush, a soap-box, a clean collar, a candle, a bundle of letters, and a bulky pocket-book—"all in a row," as the comic song says. To these, somewhat to my alarm, was added a large pocket-knife. Imagine my feelings of increased apprehension, however, when, from some concealed recess at the back of his voluminous garments, he produced a great sheath-knife, a veritable dagger, such as seamen are wont to carry, and laid this weapon, open, in a line with the miscellaneous assortment of articles I have mentioned. I had some time before come to the pleasant conclusion that I was shut up in an express-train with a lunatic; now I believed it was a lunatic with a homicidal tendency, one of that class of whom Mr. G. R. Sims is so fond of discoursing in the *Referee*. That my lunatic meant to treat me to a dose of steel, I had, I confess, but little doubt. What was to be done? I felt a strong objection to communicating with the guard for what might, after all, be but a fancy, and, besides, such action would possibly only precipitate events. I had nothing with which to protect myself, not even an umbrella. Then I remembered a big Inverness cape which I had placed on the rack above me, and, getting up in a leisurely manner, as though quite unaware of anything unusual in my companion's behaviour, I spread this garment over my knees, as if I felt chilly. Now, thought I, should my lunatic attack me, my one chance is to throw my coat over his head, cram his tall silk hat over his eyes, and then, if possible, overpower him. My eccentric friend was still busy fiddling with his belongings, playing lovingly with the dagger, and trying the temper of its point and edge, and we, I saw with horror, were rapidly approaching the Balcombe Tunnel, where, with a flash, I remembered that the wretched Lefroy years ago murdered the unfortunate Mr. Gold—a somewhat gruesome recollection! The few minutes occupied by the train in getting through that tunnel are among the longest and most "oncomfortable" I have ever passed. At length, thank Heaven, daylight shows itself, and the lunatic is still toying with his "properties," and, with a sigh of relief, I begin to hope that his mania is not of a homicidal character. And now the "tragic business" is varied by some "comic relief." Again the Gladstone-bag is ransacked, and, from among the folds of certain dingy-looking shirts, biscuits and a tin of potted meat are produced, and a glass jar such as is usually devoted to the harmless, possibly necessary, pickle. And then begins a charming and *recherché* meal. With the smaller weapon potted meat is spread thickly upon biscuits, which are, as the advertisements say, "attended to with punctuality and despatch." The jar is opened, and its contents—brandied cherries, not mixed pickles—are bobbed for and impaled upon the dagger, and when, as happens on several occasions, one escapes from the deadly point and rolls upon the floor, the devouring maniac grovels on all-fours and pursues the fugitive even to the uttermost corner, consuming it with gusto and a certain amount of dust. But now we run through Hassocks, and the familiar advertisements that disfigure the meadows near Preston Park are passed. All thoughts of "murder and sudden death" have vanished, and only a somewhat strained feeling of amusement remains. Yet, when the express pulls up for ticket-delivering purposes at the familiar station outside dear "Dr. Brighton," I am glad to skip lightly from a compartment in which I have passed a *mauvais quart d'heure* indeed, such as I hope no nervous reader of these pages will ever experience.

W. C. F.



## HOW WE HANGED THE SIERRA LEONE REBELS.

It was in the month of April 1898 that the rising among the Mendis and other natives in the Colony and Protectorate of Sierra Leone commenced. With the exception of Freetown, the capital, and Bonthe, ninety sea-miles away, on the island of Sherboro, the next most important town, and a few small towns occupied by troops, British law and order were, for the time being, at an end, and the entire country was in the hands of war-boys.

Even Freetown and Bonthe were in great danger, and every other trading-station was destroyed. The traders in nearly every case when caught were most brutally murdered. Missionaries did not escape, for at one place, Rotifunk, where there was an American mission, three lady missionaries were grossly outraged and murdered, one, it was said, who was at the time suffering from fever, being stripped and then dragged backwards and forwards over barbed wire until dead.

During the rising over six hundred murders took place, nearly all the victims being educated natives from Freetown who were trading up country, and who were unable to effect their escape. A large number of the Mendis who had been instrumental in committing murders were afterwards captured, and a special Court was formed by the Government to proceed up country to try them. This Court consisted of Deputy-Judge Bonner, Acting-Attorney-General Hudson, who prosecuted, and Mr. E. F. Watts (a Manchester solicitor retained by the Government), who defended the prisoners. The trials at Bonthe took place in October and November last, when thirty-one prisoners were found guilty of murder and sentenced to death, but in twelve cases the sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life, and nineteen only were actually hanged. Among the latter was Sokong, the King of the Imperi country, which lies on the mainland opposite to Bonthe, and which a few years ago attained an unenviable notoriety



EMPTY GALLOWS AT BONTHE, ISLAND OF SHERBORO, SIERRA LEONE.

owing to its being the headquarters of the Human Leopards, a secret society whose members went about the country committing murders in the guise of leopards.

Several of the Human Leopards were subsequently convicted and hanged and the society broken up; but the Government thought it better to appoint an intelligent native named William Hughes to act as an Assistant District Commissioner in the neighbourhood, and he was stationed at Bago. When the rising took place, he and his wife tried to escape, but were captured and murdered. It was for this crime that Sokong was sentenced to death. He was one of the few prisoners who appeared to realise that he was being tried for his life, and seemed to feel his position most acutely when in the dock.

The prison-yard at Bonthe is separated from the road only by a barbed-wire fence, and the gallows were erected in one corner; so the prisoners, even before their trial, must have been terribly reminded of what their fate would be, if found guilty, every time they looked towards that corner. The executions took place in full view of the public, and were spread over several days. A detachment of the new West African force was on duty, and the prisoners were hanged three at a time. With one exception, they appeared quite indifferent to their fate, walking up the steps to the scaffold without assistance, where many of them made a short speech acknowledging the justice of their sentences, and exhorting their friends not to rise again against the English. As soon as a man was hanged, his body was placed in a cloth with quicklime ready for the inquest. Whatever may be said or written about the cruelties practised by the Mendis upon their victims, it must be conceded that they at least showed no fear of death even on the scaffold.

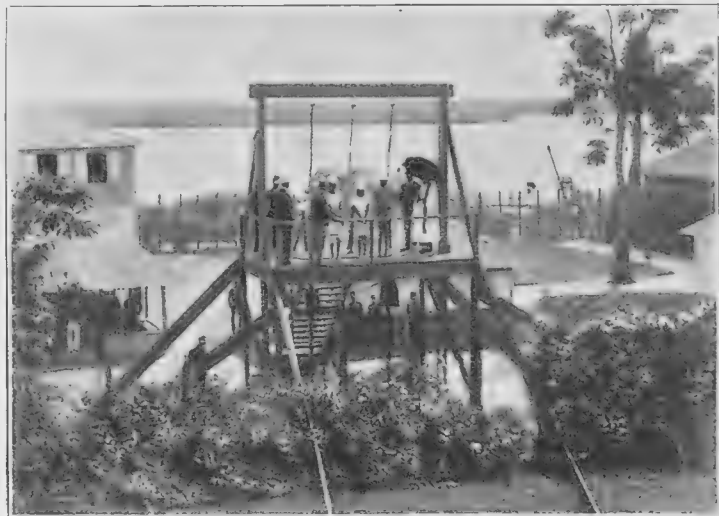
No hostile demonstrations took place during the executions; indeed, they seemed to be a source of pleasure to the crowds, who consisted for the most part of native women.

When the Court left Bonthe, traders were again beginning to go up country, and it was anticipated that trade would soon resume its normal volume before the rising.

ERNEST FRANCIS WATTS.

## WHY VICTORIA IS APPROPRIATELY NAMED.

The Colony of Victoria justifies its title completely, for though it is the smallest of the five Australian colonies, it is one of the most prosperous. But if the Colony has practically no National Debt, yet its Public Debt—with only about a million people—is forty-five millions sterling; but it is



WAITING FOR THE BOLT TO BE DRAWN.

On the extreme left is the Sheriff, and on the extreme right the Rev. Mr. Wilson, both coloured gentlemen.

satisfactory to know that forty millions of this total have been expended upon public works of a revenue-producing character. Compared with European countries, Victoria occupies a very favourable position. The rainfall is 26.81 inches; it is devoid of epidemical disease; the State education is free and schools are numerous; railways, telephones, and telegraphs are in no way backward. Victoria is more widely known by reason of its many goldfields, and since the discovery of gold in 1851-2 no less than £246,000,000 has been obtained from these auriferous areas. At Ballarat and Bendigo enormous deposits were found, and the memorable rushes which ensued have been equalled in later years only by the Klondyke finds. It is perhaps this feature of Victoria which has appealed to Englishmen more than the possibilities which the Colony presents to farmers and the agricultural classes. Gold-mining, even in its more crude stages, possesses an inherent fascination. There is always the hope of a rich reward; how abortive, how disastrous this may become can only be realised by those who themselves have fossicked after gold among the high altitudes of mountain-ranges, the deep recesses of the valleys, even within the shades of the impenetrable bush. It is a life of cold and of hunger, with despondency for a fellow mate. Buoyed up one moment, cursed the next, its glamour disappears after a little stern reality. The life is slightly different when a man is employed by a company. The work may be hard, but food and rest are regular, and, moreover, there is a certain revenue. The frequent discoveries of goldfields have led to important developments in the requisite machinery, and water-pressure in many cases has taken the place of manual labour. "Panning" represents the solitary beggar who is "on his own" and



AFTER THE BOLT HAS BEEN DRAWN.

can afford only the cheapest and most simple process. He washes his stuff, and perhaps in a month has saved an ounce of gold from the specks in the bottom of the tin. The hydraulic sluice is only possible when he has become the ubiquitous mining expert.

## THE REFINEMENTS OF CRUELTY.

We have become squeamish about punishments. We are humanitarians. But we have taken a long time to arrive at our present attitude. If you want to know how cruel we have been, you need only glance at a curious book by Mr. William Andrews, the well-known printer of Hull, which has just been published. Mr. Andrews, in the course of some three hundred pages, deals with over a score of different punishments, beginning with hanging in various forms. We still cling to hanging as the final award of human wickedness, although every Debating Society from Land's End to John o' Groat's has been discussing "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" these many years. But the great number of the punishments enumerated by Mr. Andrews have vanished—most of them slowly. Could you fancy our pressing a prisoner to death? And yet in 1741 Baron Carter inflicted that punishment at the Cambridge Assizes. In France, again, drowning was a capital punishment so late as 1793. The last case of burning to death was that of a woman called Murphy, in 1789, the law not being repealed till 1790. Henry VIII. framed a law for boiling prisoners to death, but it was too cruel to be allowed to go unrepealed beyond 1547. Simon, Lord Lovat, was the last person to be beheaded in this country (April 9, 1747). The Scots invented the "maiden" as early as 1581. It now rests in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, but the French still keep it in the shape of the guillotine. Branding was still in vogue during last century. The pillory was not abolished until 1837.

Among the many instruments of torture enumerated by Mr. Andrews are the finger-pillory (recently illustrated in *The Sketch*); the "jöugs," used in Scotland for chaining the culprit in a sort of dog-collar; the stocks (for the feet), still to be found in several country villages; and whipping-posts (we have reverted to these in the shape of the birch).

The ducking-stool was used for scolds, and specimens of it are to be seen still at Plymouth, King's Lynn, and Scarborough; the latest instance of ducking was at Leominster in 1809. Several other instruments of torture were used to silence shrews. Among the fine collection of Mr. George Eden Jarvis, of Doddington Hall, near Lincoln, which belongs to Elizabeth's time, you may see a sample of what the brank, or scold's bridle, was like. It was an iron framework, like a cage. Some specimens of it had an iron part in front which was covered with spikes, over the mouth of the victim. If she attempted to move her tongue in any way whatever, that "unruly member" was sure to be caged. With a brank on her head, the shrew was led through the streets, the jibe and jest of every jostler. Another grim relic in the possession of Mr. Jarvis (whose collection, by the way, does not seem to have been used by Mr. Andrews) is the heavy iron headpiece illustrated here. The story connected with it relates to a foul murder; again the wife appears as the sufferer and the husband as the tyrant.

A man, familiarly known as Tom Otter, but whose real name was Thomas Temporal, cruelly killed his newly made bride on her wedding-day, he having married her at South Hykeham Church in the morning and taken her life before the sun went down. For this crime he was hanged at Lincoln, March 14, 1806, and afterwards gibbeted on Saxilby Moor, on the very spot where he had committed the murder. This ghastly trophy is the headpiece of the irons in which he swung, and so worn is the hook that held it to the chain that it will no longer remain upright in its original position, but has to be reversed as it appears in the illustration. The gibbet that supported this gruesome burden was blown down in 1850.

A worse instrument of torture will be found in the



IRON HEADPIECE IN WHICH A MAN WAS GIBBETED.

Photo by Mrs. Broughton.

Ludlow Museum. It is a powerful screwing apparatus calculated to force the iron mask with torturing effect upon the brow of the victim. "There are no eye-holes, but cavities in their places, as though to allow for the starting of the eyeballs under violent pressure." It is said to have been used to keep the head steady during the process of branding. Mr. Andrews closes his interesting book with a description of "riding the stang."



SCOLD'S BRIDLE, FOR SILENCING A SHREW.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What is going to happen in France? The Republic sinks deeper daily into confusion and contempt, and yet no other form of organisation appears possible. Never was such a field for a pretender, and never was there a poorer field of pretenders. The Bonapartes might have the best chance, for the Napoleonic legend is not dead, and the last Empire was better to live under than the present chaos. But nothing is known of the younger Napoleon, and it is known that there is nothing in the elder. The Orleans Princes generally seem to belong to that unhappy sort of men that are ready enough to play false, but never win, whether wrongly or otherwise. As for the fossilised Bourbons, they remain geological curiosities, so far as France is concerned. Don Carlos might be Mastodon Carlos for any chance he possesses of ruling a modern country.

It is a commonplace of optimists that the hour always brings the man. It does nothing of the sort. Oliver Cromwell's death left open a splendid position, but it discovered no man to fill the vacant place, and, for want of a better, our forefathers had to recall Charles II. It would not take a Napoleon to grasp power in France just now. Any strong, unscrupulous man, with sufficient wit to be moderately honest, would find very little to stop him, especially if he were a General. But who is there? General Zurlinden is a mere General Boum; M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, by his ridiculous accusations, has deserved to figure in history as Baron Grog; but where is the strapping Fritz to win the fickle heart of the *Grande (Duchesse) Nation*?

There is not even the hope that from the struggle for life of a revolution the fittest ruler may survive, for there is really nothing to revolt against. It wants something more tangible to make Pion-pion shoot down his brothers than the fact that the Judges think that a Jewish officer may not have written a paper. And it wants something more to make the Socialist brothers aforesaid go out to be shot than the belief that an innocent man is being kept in a penal settlement. In 1851 the troops and the middle classes had a very vivid recollection of the savage fighting by which the Socialists of Paris had been put down, and a very real dread of a fresh outbreak; it was easy for despotism to come in under the mask of law and order. But the Commune is now ancient history; nobody really fears a revival of that madness. The reactionaries who preach a crusade against the Jews are in opposition to the leaders of the proletariat, who alone could furnish the necessary mobs. And the bourgeoisie will assuredly not join in such a movement. Three months of financial chaos would be dearly bought at the cost of all the Jewish wealth in France.

It seems curious, and yet it is natural, that people who want only decent, quiet administration should not be able to get it. And the reason is that the masses in France, as elsewhere, but more than elsewhere, want a certain amount of show and glory and enthusiasm. England gets her necessary stimulant out of her monarchy and her little wars. The United States have just had their Spanish War, and will have little wars in plenty for the next ten or twenty years, if British experience is any guide. Russia has her Czar and her expansion Eastwards. Germany has her Kaiser, who, at any rate, keeps his subjects from being dull. France has her colonies, but, then, Frenchmen do not really care about these. They like conquering new countries, because it makes them feel grand, and annoys the English; when, however, the countries are conquered, it only remains to pay the annual deficit on the extended possessions, and this is an amusement that quickly palls. President Faure is a respectable figure-head, but not strong enough to be afraid of. Frenchmen want somebody to impress them.

It is a curious thing that some of the greatest names in French history are those of foreigners. Napoleon is the most striking instance, for, though he just contrived to be born a French subject (unless his date of birth was falsified), he remained a Corsicanised Tuscan. Why not repeat the process, and advertise for an Emperor? The competitors must be wealthy and of good intellect; and, after a preliminary selection, they can be set to work on some small South or Central American State, each with, say, a million pounds and half-a-dozen subordinates chosen by himself. At the end of a year the survivor shall be chosen Emperor of France, and apply his proved talents for governing on a larger scale.

The competition would be interesting, and even amusing, and the opportunities for "making a book" would be enormous. Several American millionaires might be expected to enter, in person or by their champions. Probably Mr. Rhodes would compete, and, if he could get the right subordinates, might be expected to be in at the finish. He would make a very fair Napoleon for times of peace, and his British patriotism would not be allowed to stand in the way of the interests of his new Empire. Napoleon was once a Corsican patriot, and hated France far more than Mr. Rhodes has ever hated any country.

And, taking the worst view of the latter's character, he remains a considerable figure of some sort, and that is just what France wants and has not got.

MARMITON.



## A GREAT ENGLISHMAN WHO TRIED TO MAKE THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

LADY VANE WRITES ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S GLORIOUS ANCESTOR, SIR HARRY VANE  
OF SAINTED MEMORY.

[The year that has opened sees a strengthening of the bonds between this country and America. If Sir Harry Vane had not been recalled from the Governorship of Massachusetts, America might still have been ours; but that was not to be, and London turned out to see him beheaded (June 14, 1662) on Tower Hill, as many a gallant gentleman had been before



SIR HARRY VANE.

him. London still remembers Sir Harry, for a tablet to his memory will be found on Belmont House, Hampstead, though, as noted by Mr. C. Edmund Maurice in the recent issue of Mr. Rhys's *Hampstead Annual*, an authority believes that Sir Harry's house stood on the site of the present Wesleyan Chapel close by. When Mr. Maurice first tried to induce the Society of Arts to put up the tablet, he was met by one of the leading officials of that body with the objection that hardly anyone knew or cared anything about Sir Harry. Hence the present article by Lady Vane, the wife of his descendant, the present Sir Harry, is of peculiar interest.—*Editor.*]

Thirty years have passed since I visited Fairlawn, the Kentish home of the Vanes for many former generations, and which is said to be haunted by the ghost of Sir Harry Vane, but I should like to record my recollections of it while it still resembled the picture made in the time of Christopher, Lord Barnard, the son of the Patriot. Even when I saw it, little remained of the old place as it existed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but since then it has been altered almost beyond recognition.

I was told that the dining-room, which had originally been the chapel, was the only room absolutely untouched by the hands of the improver, and even there the exquisite wood-carvings that adorned the walls had been ruthlessly painted white. Outside this chapel-end of the house there was a flagged walk between it and the lawn, which, spreading out to the south, with lovely flower-beds surrounding it on three sides, seemed to me the largest and sunniest expanse of verdure my eyes had ever rested on. Roses and Wistaria covered the walls of the house on this side, and I remember one lovely Banksian rose, which, climbing to the upper storey, framed my bedroom window with leaves and blossom. It was this window that I opened at night, in the hope of hearing a nightingale, and, though disappointed of the song, I was rewarded for my vigil in another way.

As I sat listening, I thought I heard footsteps, distant at first, and then coming nearer. They seemed to pause, turn, and go back again, and gave me the impression that someone was pacing up and down on the flagged walk which I had noticed at the older, chapel side of the house. I wondered who could be walking so late; but, as there was nothing alarming in the sound, it did not disturb my night's rest. It was not till later that I was told of the tradition that the headless ghost of young Sir Harry Vane walked in a grove of yews behind the house, and I did not mention the steps I had heard, or connect them with anything ghostly, till many years afterwards, when a friend read me a passage out of a book she was studying, to the effect, as far as I can remember, that "a ghost is an embodied thought rather than a human soul," and that "a place may be haunted by a thought created by the mental agony of a former inhabitant." May it not be that any great emotion may leave its impression on the locality where it is experienced,

and may it not also have power to impress the minds of those who are brought within its environment? The emotion which created the mental suffering may not always be strong enough to project a visible phantom; though, if all our eyes could be opened, as were those of the young man for whom the prophet Elisha prayed, we should be indeed amazed at the fulness of what we choose to consider the empty spaces around us. In the same way, if our ears were opened that we might hear what George Eliot calls "the roar on the other side of silence," the air would be filled for us with the sounds of many voices and footsteps which we had thought for ever lost.

Setting aside, however, the tradition of the headless ghost of Sir Harry Vane, I began to think that, after all, his spirit may well have left its impress on the place where he must have suffered terribly from doubts and misgivings as to the course he should take after the discovery of the papers which furnished the principal evidence for the prosecution at the trial of Strafford.

In his own explanation of how he found them, given to the House, it must have been indeed painful to his upright nature to have to confess that, yielding to the temptation of curiosity—like a true son of Eve!—when his father trusted him with his private keys to go to Whitehall and search for some papers relating to his lands, he, "having found and despatched them, had the curiosity to see what was in a red velvet cabinet that stood with the other boxes, and, having opened it, he found the notes made by his father at the Privy Council, which made that impression on him that he thought himself bound in conscience to communicate them to some other person of better judgment than himself, who might be able to prevent the mischiefs threatened therein, and so showed them to Mr. Pym," who (having no scruples apparently as to the violation of the locked box) "took a faithful copy of them" before the originals were returned to their proper place in the red velvet cabinet. Pym confirmed him in his opinion that "this seasonable discovery might do no less than preserve the kingdom."

Poor Sir Harry! He said "he knew that this discovery would prove little less than his ruin with his father," and it did cause a break between



THE SITE OF SIR HARRY'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

them, which lasted till long after. As it sealed the condemnation of Strafford, it brought both father and son into disgrace with the King, who deprived the former of the many high offices held by him, so that he retired into private life to his Castle of Raby in the North. How well I can imagine young Sir Harry pacing up and down his

flagged walk at Fairlawn, debating with himself, and doubting as to his duty to his country coming before that to his father, and perhaps repenting the fatal curiosity that had impelled him to



SHIPBOURNE, THE CHURCH IN KENT WHERE SIR HARRY IS BURIED.

open this veritable Pandora's box! Quite cause enough, I think, for the spirit sounds of his anxious footsteps to linger in the air.

After this unavoidable breaking of the earlier ties, both of his private and public life, young Sir Harry identified himself with the Revolutionary party, and during the Civil War resided chiefly at Belleau, in Lincolnshire. I think it must have been at this time that he built himself his house at Hampstead. It was there that he was arrested in July 1660, and flung into the Tower. Then, after being imprisoned for two years in a castle in the Scilly Isles, he was brought back to the Tower on March 7, 1662, and beheaded on Tower Hill on June 14 of the same year.

Though, when on his trial, he pleaded the King's promise of a "Merciful indemnity to all those not immediately concerned in his Father's death" (and Vane had always been opposed to it), Charles II. said, "He was too dangerous a man to lett live, if we can honestly put him out of the way."

So the tragic end of a noble life was consummated, and "he died like a Prince," to use the expression of a witness of his execution. More of a Prince, I think, than the King who sent him to his death. A poor King, truly! lacking courage or honesty to keep the royal promise.

Fairlawn passed out of the hands of the Vanes in 1789, after nearly three centuries of possession, on the death of young Sir Harry's great-great-grandson, the second Viscount Vane, who had the misfortune to marry Frances Hawes, widow of Lord William Hamilton, a lovely woman of the worst possible character, who figures as the heroine of Smollett's "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." Between them they squandered the whole of his inheritance, which, fortunately, did not include Raby and the great estates in the North of England, they having been separated and going, with the title of Barnard, to the elder branch

of the family, on the death of young Sir Harry's son, the first Baron of that name. William, second Viscount Vane, devised, or sold, Fairlawn to Mr. David Papillon, since which transfer it has changed hands twice, and the property bearing the name is now only of small extent.

Many of the Vanes, including the elder and younger Sir Henrys, are buried in the vault of the neighbouring church of Shipbourne, which, like the mansion-house, has been entirely renovated. It seems as though it were the universal custom in England, when anyone acquires a landed estate, that he should inaugurate his reign by what is called "restoring the parish church," perhaps as a kind of tithe paid to Providence out of his prosperity.

The church of Shipbourne, which is dedicated to St. Giles, was originally esteemed a chapel to the church at Tonbridge, which was within the Diocese of the Priors of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. It was rebuilt from the ground by Christopher, Lord Barnard, who little thought how soon his erection would be tampered with. Even the vault beneath the church, where his own remains rest in company with many generations of his ancestors, did not escape disturbance, and among the medley of coffins exposed to view could be seen the form of young Sir Harry Vane, swathed, mummy-like, in lead, so closely moulded to the body that the left wrist, folded across the chest, was clearly to be distinguished. What interests me most, and, I confess, excites my curiosity, in connection with this relic is that, though there is a head-piece to the metal case, no one has dared to lay sacrilegious hands on it, to ascertain, what is allowed to be doubtful, whether the real head, which may or may not have been included in the grant of "the body after death" to the patriot's family, is enclosed in it; but, in any case, it is a satisfaction to know that, by the reverent care of one of their descendants, the vault and its contents are now properly protected and guarded against intrusion.

"The old order has changed, giving place to the new." The flagged walk has disappeared, so that no longer are any spirit footsteps heard there; but I am inclined to believe that they are only hushed—not



FAIRLAWN, SIR HARRY'S KENTISH HOME.

banished—and still pace up and down, as of old, and that it is only the deafness to things spiritual, which "is of the earth earthy," that prevents their being heard by mortal ears. Could those ears be opened, we should be forced to exclaim with Galileo, "Yet they move!"



SIR HARRY'S HAMPSTEAD HOME.  
From an Engraving by W. Davison.



SIR HARRY'S HOUSE AT BELLEAU, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Two vastly different studies occupy places in this page to-day—one a highly realistic photograph in an intense sunlight, the other an original design for the decorated ceiling at the Opéra-Comique, by M. Benjamin-Constant. The first is a study of fishing-boats set against the sun, with the deepest of black shadows on the spectator's side. You are able to realise quite wonderfully the splendid effects of contrast between extremes of light and darkness. The ceiling design, by reason of its position, becomes necessarily a little more obscure in its black-and-white translation; but one may admire its vague and dim dignity of composition.

Mr. Whistler was recently asked to paint the portrait of a Scottish knight who is well-known in the philanthropic and religious life of his own town. Some weeks afterwards there came a telegram from the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies": "Sorry; down with influenza; letter follows." The portrait has been presented, however, and the secretary of the committee is still waiting for that letter.

After a lapse of some years, Sir George Reid is to exhibit a large landscape at the coming Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. For many years the President of the Academy has exhibited only portraits, and much interest is evinced in artistic circles in the outcome of this return to early associations. At the present moment Sir George Reid holds a virtual monopoly in the world of portrait-painters in Scotland, and it is not an exaggeration to say that a collected exhibition of his work would practically mean a gallery of the leading literary, military, scientific, ecclesiastic, and official lights of the last quarter of a century in Scotland. The man who perhaps takes the second

place in Scotland—in numbers, at least—is Mr. J. H. Lorimer, who paints half the year in Scotland and half the year in London. Mr. J. H. Lorimer, who is the only British artist that has had two pictures bought by the French Government, is a son of the late Professor Lorimer, in his time one of the most distinguished writers and exponents of International Law in Europe. The best part of his work he evolves at Kellie Castle, which, some years ago, was restored by his father under the architectural eye of his brother. Kellie, an old baronial castle of the Mar and Kellie family, is near Pittenweem, Fife, and, owing to the interest of its historical records and the charm of its decorations, original and restored, it is regarded as one of the show-places of a county teeming with fine baronial residences of great historical interest.

The Pastel Society, which has lately been organised, will hold its first Exhibition at the beginning of February in the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters, Piccadilly. The aim of the Society is to make the art of pastel and the beautiful results which can be obtained in that medium more widely known in this country.

I hear that at the Paris Exhibition French artists will have very much more room than foreigners. They are to be allowed 1800 metres at the Champs-Élysées Palace, while only 1200 will be set aside for painters of all other nations. Besides this, there will be several small rooms run up close by for miniatures and lithographs. This exhibition is to take the place of the Salon of 1900. The plans for the gardens of the Exhibition, which were entrusted to M. Vacherot, are now definitely settled and arranged. On each side of the central avenue, gardens both in the French and English style will be planted.



FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE DECORATED CEILING AT THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE, PARIS, BY M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.



TOILERS OF THE SILVER SEA: PENZANCE FISHING FLEET.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCIS ELLIS, STREATHAM.

"THE FORTY THIEVES," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



ABDALLAH (MR. DAN LENO) AND THE FAIR ZULEIKA  
(MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL).



GANEM (MISS NELLIE STEWART) AND ALI BABA.



COGIA (MISS LILLIE BELMORE).



HASSAN (MISS RITA PRESANO).



"THE FORTY THIEVES," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



THE SPIRIT OF MALICE (MISS RITA BARRINGTON).



THE EAST WIND (MR. CHARLES DANVERS).



MR. JOHN D'AUBAN AS A BIRD.



ALI BABA (MR. JOHNNY DANVERS) AND THE DONKEY (MR. QUEEN AND MR. LE BRUN).

"THE FORTY THIEVES," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



THE SPIRIT OF THE CAVE (MADAME GRIGOLATI).



PROSPERO (MISS EVELYN HUGHES).



THE CLOWN (MR. WHIMSICAL WALKER).



THE COLUMBINE (MISS RUTH JEZARD).

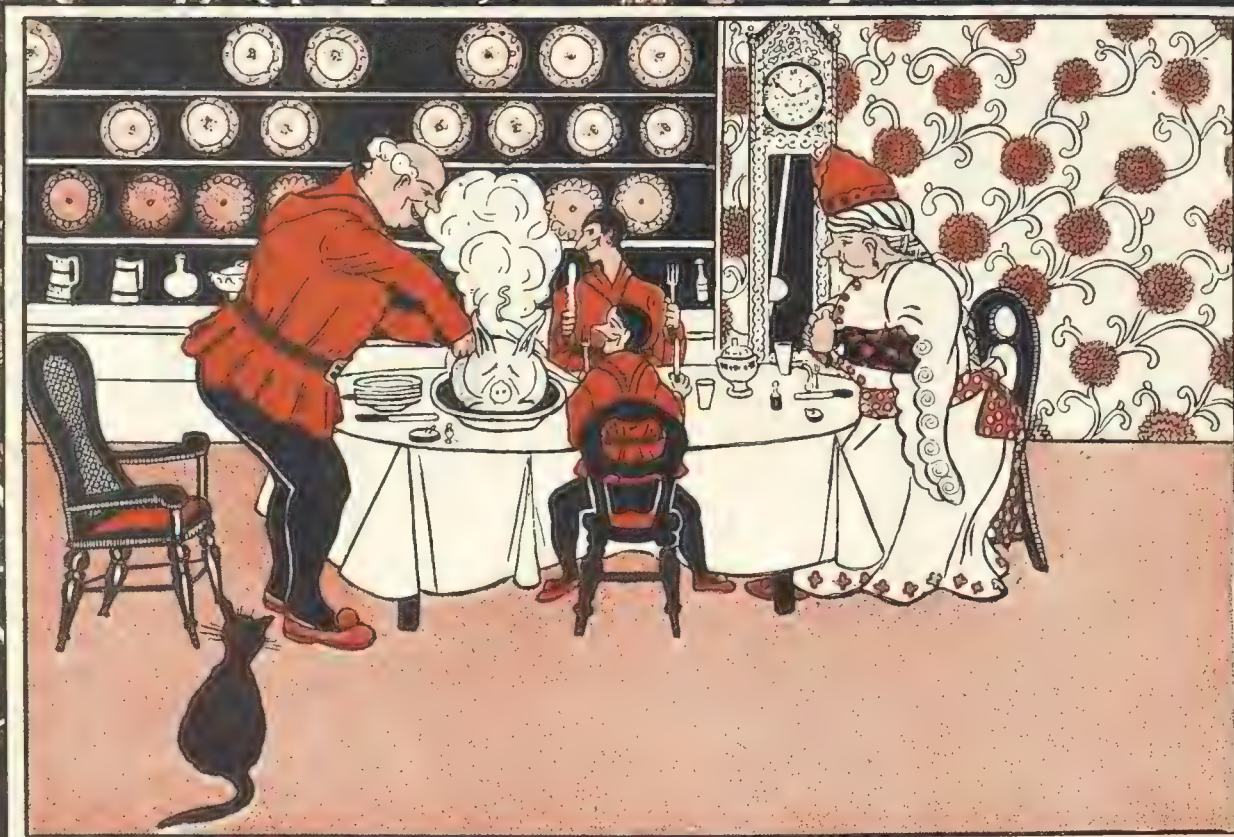








TOM TOM THE PIPERS SON  
STOLE A PIG AND AWAY HE RUN



THE PIG WAS EAT—





& TOM WAS BEAT



& TOM WENT HOWLING DOWN THE STREET





A GLORIOUS ARMY, GIRLS AND BOYS.





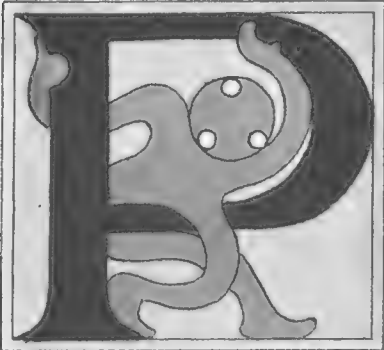
A PHOTOGRAPHIC FANTASY.

MISS CLARISSA TALBOT IN HER TWO DRESSES AS CINDERELLA AT THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

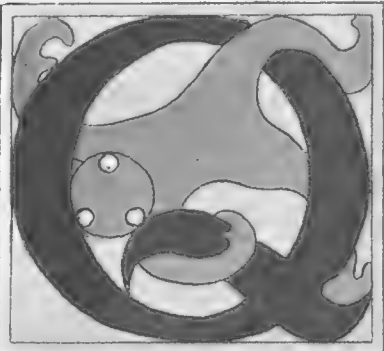
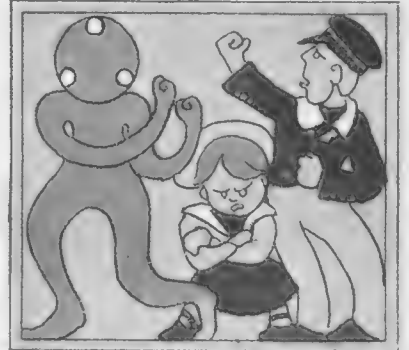
BY GELETT BURGESS

# A BIOGRAPHY OF FAMOUS GOOPS

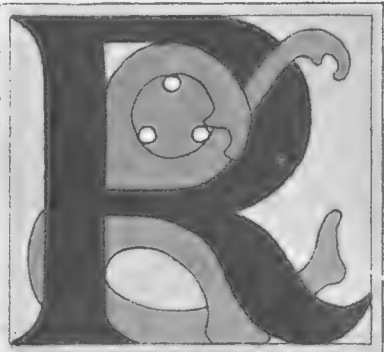
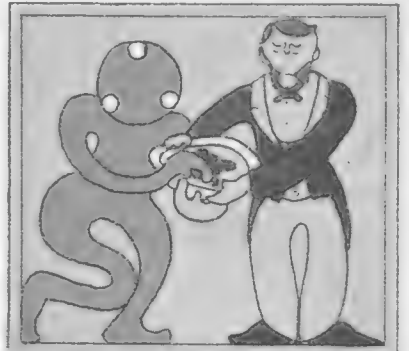
PELEG TO TIMOTHY



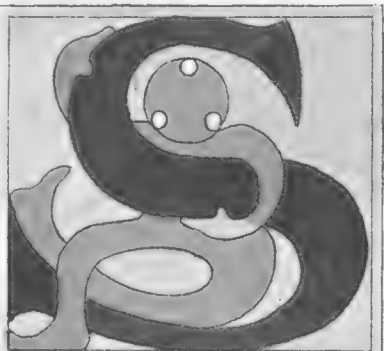
When PELEG had a Penny Earned,  
To Share it with his Friends he Yearned;  
And if he Bought a juicy Fig,  
His Sister's Half was very Big.  
*But that he Hated to Forgive,  
He would have been Too Good to Live!*



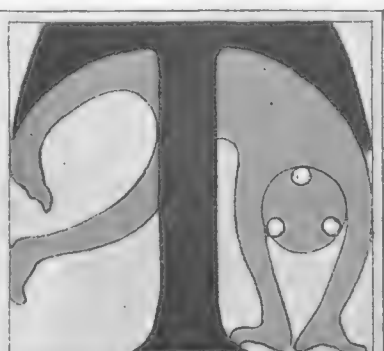
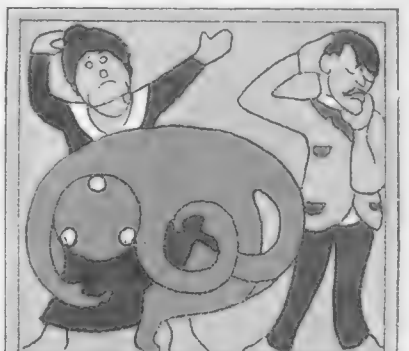
When QUARTO's Brother QUARTO hit,  
Was QUARTO Angry? Not a Bit!  
He called the Blow a Little Joke,  
And so Affectionately Spoke  
That Everybody Loved the Lad;  
*Yet, Oh, What Selfish Ways he had!*



Was REUBEN Happy? I should say!  
He Laughed and Sang the Hours away.  
He made his Mother Smile with Joy  
To See her Sunny-Tempered Boy  
*However, she was not so Gay  
When REUB. refused to Stop his Play!*



When SHADRACH cared to be Polite,  
They called him Gentlemanly, Quite;  
His Table Manners were so Nice!  
He Never Asked for Jelly 'Twice!  
*Still, when he Tried to Misbehave,  
Oh, how Much Trouble SHADRACH gave!*



Don't think that TIMOTHY was Ill,  
Because he Sometimes kept so Still;  
He knew his Mother did not Care  
To hear him Talking Everywhere;  
He, too, was Careful not to Tease,  
*But still, his Falschoods did not Please!*





## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE DEMON OF MISCHANCE.

BY MAY BATEMAN.

III. (TO HIS MARRIED SISTER)

London, July 15, 1897.

... Yes, dear, you were right. I have made a fool of myself. I am bitten this time—perhaps because I have held out so long. I suppose you gathered it from my letters: women guess these things intuitively. I wasn't good enough, of course—I knew that from the first. And when I found out that she was the beautiful Miss East, whose doings were chronicled in all the Society papers, and of whose pictured frocks your *dirzee* used to make mutilated reproductions in the Pilibhit verandah, for the benefit of a morose hubby and a good-for-nothing brother who occasionally landed himself upon you, in hopes of a welcome and a week's shoot—well, I naturally expected it to be off.

She is going to be married to-morrow. Not to me. The windows of my "two-pair-back" look out on to her house. I believe it is in her room that the light is burning. It was sprung upon me rather suddenly at the end: a man at the "Rag" told me that she was engaged to some City magnate—influential, possibly, and sound enough, I daresay, but hardly of the sort which I should have expected to appeal to her. It's no use saying anything, of course. What is there to say? She has a right to do as she pleases with her own life. Only—sometimes I wonder—She seemed so happy with me, and I thought—honestly, I thought—that she cared a bit. I always told you I was conceited—there's the proof!

Sorry you've been on the sick-list, child. The enclosed small cheque may help to give you the change of air you need. Tell Byng I went to see Woodville's war-picture show the other day—there's a 92nd man in his picture of Waterloo, a prisoner. I took a little girl, whose people had been treating me to a series of free dinners, a Miss Cotes, who is keen on those things—*plus* a married sister, who ostentatiously devoted herself to the "Canine Celebrities" in the adjoining room.

Don't worry over me, dear girl. I have only a month's more leave to get through, and she can hardly return from her honeymoon before then. After all, it's a new thing for the Demon of Mischance to dog my footsteps. Just look at my luck—other fellows would have given their eyes and ears to have had my chances of service. And don't think badly of Her. She's the straightest woman I ever met.

The light in her window is still burning. I wonder what the room's like? She belongs to the silver-brushed and tortoise-shelled comb type of woman, you know. . . . Past three o'clock. She'll have blue lines under her eyes to-morrow! I fancy he will resent them. He looks the sort who values his belongings accordingly as they look well or not. . . . Good-night, dear. As I said before, don't worry, and don't let on to Byng. I'm all right.

SHE. (TO A MARRIED FRIEND.)

167, Hertford Street, W. The same night.

... By the time you get this, dear Edie, it will be all over. A queer way of explaining that to-morrow is my wedding-day, you fancy? I can see you, as you get thus far, stopping to look across the breakfast-table at your husband and to say, probably with a suspicion of tears in those treacherously sympathetic eyes of yours, "She's going to be married, Artie! I'm so glad!" A less generous woman would have prefaced her announcement with the damning words, "*At last.*"

My congratulations—I have burned shoals of them to-night—have all been coloured by that latter thought. Who can wonder? If the world has wearied of writing my name upon its invitation lists, I also have wearied, God knows, of taking part in its futile ceremonials. What can it offer me in the way of entertainment or amusement that I have not taken part in or experienced before?

I am seven-and-twenty, Edie—did you know? The world does. If anything, it gives me credit—or discredit—for a few more years than I can legitimately claim. I "began early," to use the jargon of to-day, and ended soon, you see. If a woman has been in love with love at seventeen, it is safe to predict that she will be out of love with marriage at seven-and-twenty.

And yet, with a full recognition of the marriage-tie as a tie, I am deliberately binding myself. And I cannot urge the conventional excuses. I am good-looking, I can hold my own with married women, and cross swords with unsophisticated débutantes—if such exist! I have had my small share of success, social and artistic; I have plucked at the fruit of knowledge, and found it rotten. . . . My house is well-appointed, my acquaintances well-bred. In Mayfair one would resent the embarrassing devotion of the suburbs or South Kensington. If British matrons privately try to keep their sons as far as possible from my vicinity, they at least publicly recognise my importance so far as to send me in to dinner with a person of distinction. My goings-out are unnoticed, my comings-in unheard—my sister-in-law, who lives with me, knows the worth of free board and lodging! I have a latch-key and a wine-merchant, and a balance at my banker's with which I could go to the bad to-morrow unchallenged if I chose.

You, who are good and gentle—do you understand me, Edie? One of your children is sure to be beside you as you read this, and probably, as you look down on the sedate, serious child-face, so singularly like your husband's, you will wonder, "Was it for *this*?" Dear, it is not—it would never be. I am overwhelmed already with the responsibility of saving my own soul from drowning: how could I incur the risk of bringing such another piece of human wreckage into the world?

I wonder if I am writing my defence or my confession? . . . I know that I have looked deep into my heart to-night. Come back with me in thought to the old days when we were friends, Edie. Begin at the beginning, as we used.

Even in those days I thought farther ahead than you. Yours was a staple commodity of a nature, where mine was of the class of goods which travellers pack with care, as liable to be damaged! You contented yourself easily: it was enough for you if the sun shone and your doll's clothes wanted mending. I, on the other hand, could never "make-believe," with a doll's artificial eyes gaping askance at me. You wanted to *do*, I to *know*. Because you asked no questions, you were undeceived: I, who asked always, believed, and was often disillusioned.

I need not describe the restraint and loneliness of those hedged-in early years, the austerity of my upbringing, the pleasureless seasons . . . I was engaged at sixteen; I was on the verge of marriage when, a year later, a public scandal saved me. I was ill afterwards. It is a shock to a girl of seventeen to find that, while the man to whom she gave all the firstfruits of her dawning consciousness of womanhood was making love to her, he was on the eve of being called as co-respondent in such a divorce suit as the Ker-Murgatroyd affair turned out!

I suppose that gave me a false start. It struck the first definite blow at my faith. I knew the world so little: I expected men to be true. The marriage was broken off, of course, and I was forbidden to see him. That fired me. I met him—I was rash and wilful even then. And I made the mistake—the irremediable mistake to a man of his nature—of reproaching him.

He looked at me with that curious, superior lift of the brows and tightening of the lips which I knew so well. "You, at all events, have nothing to resent," he said. "Look in the glass, and see what last week's experience has written on your face. It has a story to reflect now—it is a mirror where it was a piece of formless clay." He stretched out his hand towards me, he put all the magnetism of his nature into his last look, but I remember shrinking, abashed. "There is no death but the death of passion."

I looked at life from another aspect after that episode had closed. I played the game, I drew men on, I mocked at love. I had lost my jewel, and I tried to find it by groping in the dust-heaps. But it soiled my hands.

After a time, things righted themselves and took their just proportion. Philosophy is a mere question of balance. I became philosophic—and worldly. I built an altar for my new god—pleasure—and took my share in the world's mocking ritual. I chose my gowns with enthusiasm, my tea-parties with care. I had visions of a successful marriage. My family built high hopes upon me. Whispers which had begun to circulate about me—I had become unpleasantly notorious of late—died down. Women who barely bowed to Rosamund East were glad to show their intimacy with the future Duchess of Saltester.

A week before my wedding, Lord Saltester was killed out hunting. A week before . . . and I had been on the eve of a brilliant success. . . . The old rumours revived. . . . I was broken and shamed and embittered, and had no heart to meet and fight them. I went away with an old nurse, and lived for a while in solitude, in a slow torment of resentment against the fate that had mocked me for the second time. I fell ill. For days and nights the doctor and the nurse wrestled with death and Hell to save me. When I came back to life and memory again, I was a changed woman.

When, two years later, I returned to London, I was famous. I had written a book which pioneered a new movement; it "struck the note," as editors say, and the gallery applauded. I played tunes for the world to dance to for a full year afterwards. I made money. I had the elements of success. I knew just so many personages as to be permissibly insolent to the people who wanted to know me.

The breath of success intoxicated me at times. Sometimes I thought it lulled the craving which at times almost devoured me. It palled too soon. After all, is it not an irony of fate to write oneself down a celebrity with two half-strokes of an untutored pen? I got to the end of fame as I had got to the end of everything else. Publicity vulgarised it. We don't crown our heroes and heroines with olive-branches nowadays, you see. We hang them round with Orient pearls of an inferior quality. The modern wage of success is to invite Bohemians to one's dinner-parties.

All this while I had been seeking to stifle whatever soul I once possessed. Because I had started life asking for the highest, I soothed my scruples now by saying that there was no highest to find. But instinctively I looked for it. Women need something to worship, and, if their eyes are blind to God's divinity, they worship him in man. A number of men passed into my life—and out again. I studied them as a writer says one studies the art of the short story—I eliminated the unnecessary parts. But in most cases this left so little to be retained! I turned lover after lover away. Some said I demanded too much.

I said I asked little. And all the while my worldly women friends, watching, applauded and said, "How clever you are, how brilliant, how witty! You will make a highly desirable wife—some day. Which reminds us that it is high time that you should settle down."

If they had only known! . . . Six-and-twenty is the heyday of a woman's life. When she is young, she does not know how to use her capacity of love; when she is old, no man will want to gauge the depths of her knowledge. But I—I was ripe for love a year ago. I wanted to be taken care of. I was sick of flattery and compliment. I wanted something that was steadfast and honest and true. . . .

Am I boring you? I shan't be much longer, Edie. Already the suggestion of dawn is creeping over the housetops; a grim, grey mist is unwidening. Through it I can just discern the smoke from the red-brick chimneys. . . . Last year, in the height of the Season, I went away, alone. People excused it as a fad; I knew it was an inspiration. The sea called me, and I followed.

Was it reaction? . . . From the first day I felt at rest. Peace settled on me. I read no books, I did not work; I communed with the sea and listened to its message. I took my old life up with both my hands and watched it ebb out with the tide. I stretched my hands out, waiting hopefully, ready to grasp whatsoever the incoming flow should bring me.

And, then and there, in the middle of it all, at the critical moment, another man came and helped me to see clear. Call it, if you will, a question of reaction. It was not what he said—he said so little: it was what he was. His boyishness, his simplicity, attracted me: it was different to anything which I had ever met. I saw clear for the first time. I judged my life as the gods might judge it. I had started wrong, but I had missed the chances of my own redemption. I had made no sustained effort. When Fate struck her blows at me, I fell. I had never really tried to rise. I had been content to grovel in the sand. As to my own hopes and aims, granted that they had been blighted, what did it matter? It was all part of a big scheme, and the scheme was not of my making. My part was the lesser part, and in it I had failed.

And all this came to me through the influence of a "commonplace man"! That was what I thought him at first. Later, I learned that, where I had merely felt, he had acted—that I was a woman of words, and he a man of fulfilment. He misread me, of course. Such a man would. He took it for granted that I was pure and good.

I let him think—wrongly, perhaps—that I thought with him upon many subjects where I was only half-convinced. If I differed from him, it was for the pleasure of seeming convinced by his arguments—such arguments! I could have struck at their foundations in one biting phrase. But he was so obviously sincere, so unaffected. His acceptance of certain beliefs was the simplest thing I ever saw. And then there was the other side—the crucial side. . . . I have missed things of late years: I have passed over the brave deeds, the heroic actions, which used in the old impulsive days to make my breath come pantingly and my blood thrill. He was always so modest, so unassuming, so boyish and healthy in his bright way of laughing me down when I talked what he called "military sentiment," that it was not until we returned to town I realised that he was the hero of the last frontier outbreak and the V.C. of M. . . .

Now are you beginning to understand the reason why I am going to be married to-morrow—and *not* to him? He loved me—I almost said, of course—sometimes I have thought it was another irony of the Demon of Mischance. . . . And yet I'm glad, even though he never knew the real woman. He spent a whole summer, you see, with a girl who was actress enough to play the part he expected from her, to play at being what she might have been. Had the real Rosamund East shown herself—God! what would he have thought?

One cannot touch defilement and remain undefiled. That I knew. The barrier of my life divided us. To marry him would have been the crowning wrong. I was unfit to be the wife of any honest man, least of all his. And he would never have allowed me to be faithful to unfaithfulness.

Wherefore, I am going to be married to the kind of man whom such women as I always end by marrying—one with a fair competence and few ideals, who is tired of dining at his club and wants a permanent housekeeper, and knows that a man cannot link himself to a woman in a position superior to his own without paying some obvious penalty.

Good-night—good-bye. The sky is pink just now, pink with promise. It is my wedding morning, you see! . . . He lodges near. I wonder if it was in his window that the light was up so long to-night?

It is, I suppose, because I have grown so accustomed to the blare of trumpets and the blaze of footlights that I want the echo of an audience's clapping to bring down the curtain suitably on the only unselfish action of my misspent life. . . . I'm cold and lonely. . . . The dawn frightens me. I feel as if something were gripping at my heart. . . . I might have been good—and brave. . . . Not easily. I've done the brave thing now, at all events. I've saved him from marrying me. . . . Some day he'll be another woman's husband. . . . Lil Cotes' perhaps. . . . God! does the atonement of such as I avail?

#### NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

To the history of Italian unity there have been recently many valuable contributions. Almost simultaneously have appeared Mr. W. J. Stillman's book on the subject, Della Rocca's *Memoirs*, and the Countess Cesaresco's "Cavour." And fiction has not been behindhand. Two new novels devote themselves to depicting the hopes and fears, the victories and defeats, of the Italian cause in the north of the Peninsula—"The Confession of Catherine Sforza" and "Thecla's Vow" (Smith, Elder), by A. Gallenga. Of the former I may speak again. The latter gives a capital picture of a woman's life during the struggle, a woman who was a stout patriot, albeit of Austrian birth, and who was doubly interested in the revolution, seeing that her best friend, though in the Austrian Army, was a Hungarian, and as much a rebel to the Kaiser at Vienna as herself. If one could forget all the portion of the story suggested by the title, one could enjoy the rest. But the vow plays too great a part to be ignored, and it is too incredibly foolish for tolerance. The husband of the heroine reproached her for paying too much attention to a particular guest one evening. Thereupon, she said her tongue would never offend again; she had spoken her last word. She lived for many years afterwards, and she never uttered another syllable. One gathers she was considered an interesting victim, which was a pity. Otherwise, it should not have been difficult to cure her mania. Thecla's patriotism is worth hearing about; her hysteria is only irritating.

"The Autobiography of a Veteran" (Unwin), in which the Count Enrico della Rocca sets down his recollections, is one of the most interesting books dealing with Italian unity. He wrote it for his family, with no pretensions to the ability of the historian or the skill of the man of letters; yet no professional writer could have improved the soldier's record. It gives no general survey, limits itself to telling of his life at the Courts of Charles Albert and Victor Emmanuel, of his adventures in the field, and of his political missions. For, though he looked on himself merely as a soldier, the King knew that, under his frank, direct, military bearing were the shrewdness, the patience, the native dignity that make the useful Ambassador. After Orsini's attempt at the assassination of Napoleon, he was sent to Paris to smooth matters; and, though not without difficulty, he was successful in proving that Piedmont was not the refuge of assassins it was believed to be, and in getting a renewal of French favour for the Italian cause. But before Napoleon's anger had quite cooled, a journal emphasised the Emperor's haughtiness to the envoy in a somewhat sycophantic way: "*Ici les Piémontais ne sont pas aimés.*"

That evening, the Princess Mathilde, then, as ever, one of the most independent and intelligent persons in the Bonaparte Circle, took pains to be agreeable to the Ambassador. "Dites-moi, Monsieur della Rocca, avez-vous vu le journal de ce soir? Ces gens-là ont bien raison de dire que nous ne vous aimons pas, car"—pausing a moment—"nous vous adorons," she continued, laughing, and glancing archly at me. The Prince of Luchenstein was standing close by, and his yellow face turned green at these words.

In the simplest, clearest, most unboastful manner, he gives a vivid picture of the hardships of the campaigns, the long, weary waiting, the hopes deferred, and the gradual triumph in the struggle for liberation and unity. He has few criticisms to make, and hardly any complaints, and he puts forward no theories. The plan and the ideal of his master and friend, Victor Emmanuel, he accepted with the simplicity of a child and fought for like a lion. And, when he died last year, after a period of peaceful contemplation, during which he never ceased to take an interest in public affairs, he was as full of hope for his country as on the day when Victor Emmanuel was crowned in Rome.

Recent Irish fiction of the readable order has been mostly on the Nationalist side. Mrs. Orpen has written "*Corageen in '98*" (Methuen) to show that talent has sometimes English sympathies. The subject of the story is the great rising just a hundred years ago, and the heroine is a susceptible lady who is tempted by a United Irishman to forsake her husband's colours and cherish rebel opinions. She is taught by much tribulation the error of her ways, and the cause of the enemies of English rule is shown to be a black and a foolish one. Mrs. Orpen shapes her characters in such a fashion as to prove what she desires, and, of course, they prove nothing at all. But she has given a very vivid picture of the rising, and of the condition of an Irish parish during the excitement. She is an able, clear-headed, lively writer, and "*Corageen*" will win admiration in quarters where its historical views find no favour.

Mr. Bret Harte's new book, "*Stories in Light and Shadow*" (Pearson), is one of the pleasantest volumes he has given us in late years. His travels the world over have suggested themes to him, but the two best have German-American heroes. Rütli, giant and philosopher in one, dreamer of dreams and efficient gardener, is a delightful personage. But, for the power of amusing us, he has to give way to "*Unser Karl*," one of the most charming in all Bret Harte's gallery. Unser Karl was not, strictly speaking, a German-American; but he acted the part, at least, with genius. To speak politely, he was a member of the French Intelligence Department, but he brought such a keen sense of humour into his work that it is almost impossible to feel any repulsion for his trade. Wherever he went, he served two nations well; his own with information, the foreigner's with his sunny, innocent, stupid presence, which beamed out goodwill to everybody. o. o.





*"I am the Dean of Oskoloosa. How's business in our line in Australia?" "I'm Jones, and I travel for a Hymn-book house, and sell Playing-cards as a side-line."*

MR. CHARLES ARNOLD IN "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

## THIS IS BURNS'S BIRTHDAY—'T WAS 140 YEARS AGO.

The Scot drinks deep to the health of Burns to-day, and, all the world over, his thoughts turn back to Ayrshire; and it is that fertile county that is generally credited with all that is best in the poet. I am

upright. Brawlinmuir, too, would seem to have been a mere hovel in William Burnes' days.

William Burnes the younger, father of the poet, learned his trade in the gardens of Glenbervie, which are some of the loveliest old-fashioned ones to be found anywhere. The only representative of the



WHERE BURNES'S ANCESTORS ARE BURIED (AT GLENBERVIE).



THE DRUMLITHIE COW-HORN.

not prepared to dispute the popular belief, and yet, as a matter of actual fact, Burns was by ancestry an Eastern, not a Western Scot. His father, William Burness, or Burnes, was born in Kincardineshire, where his family had lived for many generations. The name was long an honourable one in the records of the parish of Glenbervie, and, in its unabridged forms, is still to be found in the neighbourhood. It was Robbie himself who shortened it into its best-known form, by mutual agreement with his brothers. Some antiquaries would trace it back to the times of King Robert Bruce, and assign its origin to the lands of Bernis, Bernes, or Burnhouse, in Glenbervie, mentioned in one of his charters. The name is evidently capable of as many variations as that of Shakspeare himself.

In Glenbervie Churchyard are two handsome tables of granite, erected in 1885, on which are laid the fast-perishing remains of two old tombstones, one inscribed to the memory of James Burnes of Brawlinmuir, grandfather, the other to that of William Burnes of Bogjorgan, grand-uncle of the poet, and their respective wives. Brawlinmuir and Bogjorgan are farms, not far off, on a bleak hillside of the Vale of the Carron Water; but the old houses on both holdings have long disappeared. The present tenant of Bogjorgan, whose mother was a Burnes, told the writer that in his grandfather's time the floor of the dwelling, which had only one room, was below the level of the ground outside, while the roof was so low that in some places one could not stand

Burnes name now in the parish is a shoemaker in the village of Drumlithie. This quaint little hamlet is a perfect maze of narrow

lanes and tiny houses, of which it has been said that they seem to have been shaken out of some Pantagruelian pepper-box. Not unlike a pepper-box, indeed, is Drumlithie Steeple, a bell-tower that stands in their midst, from which a curfew is tolled every evening at nine o'clock. Some "cannie mannie" of the neighbourhood (evidently "jocking wi' dee'iculty") once evolved a witticism to the effect that the villagers were so proud of their steeple as to take it in carefully out of the rain, and the jest is now a standing one. But, seriously, Drumlithie, with somewhere about four hundred inhabitants, has a Provost, a Dean of Guild, a Town Clerk, Bailies—a corporation of nine members in all, elected annually; and their whole and sole duty and aim seems to be the honourable maintenance and repair (when necessary) of the steeple. Up to some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a custom obtained of ringing the bell early in the morning, as a signal for the villagers who had rights of pasture to open their byres; a boy then collected the cattle by blowing a fearful instrument of torture known as the "coo-horn," and led them forth to the "bogs," as the common-land was called. In the same way they were re-collected at nightfall, and the bell was again rung to give their owners notice of their return. The last of the cow-

boys, Mr. Thomas Wyllie, still lives in Drumlithie, and is proud to exhibit the instrument of (literally) his calling. BARRINGTON MACGREGOR.



DRUMLITHIE STEEPLE.



GLENBERVIE GALLOWS.



GLENBERVIE.

From Photographs by Barrington MacGregor.



## BURNS IN THE BROADSIDES.

Robert Burns had not been in his grave for many years when artists in all parts of Scotland and in the North of Ireland were busy illustrating his works. The half-dozen pictures here given, taken from broadsides

picture of Tam shows us the dire straits in which he was when he reached the keystone of the bridge, beyond which the "hellish legion" were impotent.

"John Anderson my Jo," one of Burns's homely ballads, is the subject of another picture, and the accompanying one gives us a view of



TAM O'SHANTER AND THE LANDLADY.



TAM O'SHANTER FLIES IN TERROR.

published half-a-century ago, show that, for liveliness of imagination, several of the artists pressed Burns pretty hard.

The first picture throws some light upon an early stage of Tam o' Shanter's midnight ride from Ayr. The artist has seized that point when—

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious.

the interior of Poosie Nancy's howff, with "The Jolly Beggars" opera in full swing. This is in many respects Burns's ablest work, with its vivid picture of vagabond life and the soldier's song with the Kipling-like swing—

When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell,  
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.



TAM O'SHANTER AND THE WITCHES.



"THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN."

He next introduces us to the first purely Scottish ballet on record, the dance of the warlocks and witches in Alloway Kirk, with Tam o' Shanter and his mare for an audience and the Devil as orchestra.

Readers of Burns's masterpiece will remember that an injudicious remark by Tam o' Shanter brought down the curtain; and the other

Here is one of the best pictures in the gallery. "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman" is a rollicking song, into the spirit of which the artist has entered. The dram-sellers, the old women of the town, and every unlicensed dog in the place enters into the joyous chorus—"The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman!"



"JOHN ANDERSON MY JO."



"THE JOLLY BEGGARS."

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## THE STAGE OF OUR CENTURY.\*

This beautiful volume stands for a happy thought happily and most skilfully embodied. The end of the century was in sight, and not a "play-lover" of them all had had the notion of making a comprehensive book of the play, with pictures of everybody. Mr. Whyte in his preface—a page and a-half only, but enough to reveal a companionable personality and a graceful style—will tell us how the notion came to him. He found the pictures first, and then imagined the book. He regards the book itself, he says, "as subsidiary to the illustrations." The gentleman shall be as modest as he pleases, and in this case there is no denying the value of the pictures—a collection quite unique, and the oldest of them just snatched from a photographic tomb—but there was not the least occasion to discount the interest of a fresh, amiable, and discriminating piece of work. An exhaustive history of the theatre of the nineteenth century is not to be packed within the boards of one volume, but it is much more than a bird's-eye view which Mr. Whyte gives to his reader. If a criticism may be offered on the score of proportion, it is that somewhat too large a space has been allotted to the record of the first half of the century, for the interest of to-day's playgoer scarcely extends even to the 'fifties, and the mere students are a puny people in numbers. But another edition will be called for, and, in preparing this, Mr. Whyte will, perhaps, be more indulgent to the pittance of forty, or thereabouts, whose keenest remembrances are concerned with the battle which raged around Irving in the 'seventies. For, when he has finished with the Kembles, Kean, Booth, and Macready, Mr. Whyte is at the end of his seventh chapter, and has but three in hand for "The Stage in the 'Fifties," "The Stage in the 'Sixties," and "The Era of Irving." If, on the other hand, the book were twice its actual size (and its bulk would then be not outrageous), one would not wish a page of the earlier chapters away, for the story is full of charm and humour, and a nice taste has dictated the excerpts from Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt. The period of the 'fifties introduces us, among the critics, to Lewes—"George Eliot's Lewes"—who wrote about the theatre as amusingly as our own "G. B. S." (Alas that "G. B. S." writes about it no more!); and, among the players, to "Little Robson," Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews the younger, Keeley, Webster, and Buckstone, Charles Kean, Mrs. Stirling, Phelps, and G. V. Brooke. A great figure in the next era was Fechter, as happy in the support of Kate Terry as Irving has been in that of her sister Ellen; and Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" and Sothorn's "Dundreary" are notable landmarks in comedy. Boucicault was the arch-playwright, and the Bancrofts began their ever-memorable career at the old Prince of Wales's. The 'sixties, too, brought John Lawrence Toole to the front, Dickens helping to place him there, as he was presently to point with prophetic finger to another aspirant, whose struggle was a sharper one—Irving himself. Here are we then at "The Era of Irving," and here is Mr. Whyte, with horrid Irish cunning, disarming his reviewer on the very threshold. He has been at it all along, with his blarney, but this is worse than ever. Listen—

Whatever faults, reader, you may have found with me so far (perhaps, by judicious "skipping," you have minimised the occasion for fault-finding), you will acquit me, I trust, of the vanity of having set up to be a historian, or anything more than just the "play-lover" I called myself upon the title-page. You will not have been misled, therefore, by the heading of this chapter into expecting from me a comprehensive and original survey of the history of the English stage during the last three decades. Even if I had the qualifications for such a task, the limits of my space would forbid me to attempt it here. It would be as impossible for me to tell the story of "The Era of Irving" in a single chapter as it was to epitomise it in a single paragraph.

It is very fair-seeming, Mither Whyte, avick, but it will not wholly do; for, brief as is the entire chapter on "The Era of Irving," there are

but two pages in it to the man himself. Did Irving not merit a chapter? His contemporaries might have one to themselves, and there should be some mention, I think, of John Hollingshead's work at the Gaiety. It was not all burlesque, though I for one feel in no way called upon to apologise for the lively pieces which gave us Toole and Nelly Farren at their best, and afterwards Nelly Farren and Edward Terry (incomparably the best burlesque actor of his day), with Kate Vaughan and Royce in support. But what of the wonderful "star" casts which Mr. Hollingshead got together for his revivals of old English comedy on Saturday afternoons—Phelps, Charles Mathews, Toole, Hermann Vezin, and Lionel Brough all in one piece?

The paucity of detail concerning Sir Henry is, however, Mr. Whyte's chief offence. His summary is good and just—he shows an admirable impartiality everywhere—but it is altogether too summary. The story of the great controversy, which had begun before Mr. Bateman's death made Irving his own manager, would bear to be told again, and Mr. Whyte, who cannot be accused of lack of industry elsewhere, would tell it excellently. It was a ding-dong fight on both sides, and many of the men who are still seated in the stalls of the critical were in it. "G. B. S."—an obscure young man of fiction, hawking round a tale of a gentleman bruiser which he and some other people thought very well of—had not, it is true, become aware of the playhouse; but "W. A.," not yet a man of the *World*, was banging away in pamphlets, a furious and already a formidable anti-Irvingite. Mr. Clement Scott (a true-blue Irving man from the first), Mr. Knight for the *Athenæum*, and Mr. Moy Thomas for the *Daily News*, were three of the best-known figures in the stalls on first-nights, and long indeed was the last-named gentleman in quitting the camp of the enemy. So hot was it all that one very able writer on the staff of a very powerful paper wrote an "advance" article respecting one of the Shaksperian revivals at the Lyceum, with the object of proving that Irving could not possibly play the chief part—and was called upon to resign his post. If Mr. Whyte would work up the whole story for his next edition, "Actors of the Century" would be well-nigh complete.

The illustrations to the book are very numerous, and extraordinarily interesting. As studies of character—photographic studies—may be singled out Mr. Hare as Benjamin Goldfinch, Mr. Terry as Dick Phenyl, Mr. Willard as Professor Goodwillie, and the wonderful Mathias in "The Bells"; and, as things of

beauty, Miss Ellen Terry as Imogen and Lady Macbeth, Miss Mary Anderson as Hermione, Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Juliet, and Mrs. Langtry as Rosalind. The publishers have done their part sumptuously. T. H.

## "AMATEUR CLUBS AND ACTORS."

Mr. W. G. Elliot (who is an old Cambridge A.D.C. man, and is now playing in "The Mæcures of Jane," at the Haymarket) has edited a book on "Amateur Clubs and Actors" (issued by Mr. Edward Arnold). Captain George Nugent describes the Guards' burlesque (which goes back to 1888). Mr. B. C. Stephenson, the librettist of "Dorothy," deals with the Windsor Strollers (born 1857), and Mr. Yardley with the Canterbury Old Stagers, founded in 1842 by (among others) Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, to whom the book is dedicated. Mr. Philip Carr writes about the Greek Play at Oxford, and Mr. J. W. Clark deals with the Greek Play at Cambridge. Mr. Elliot himself devotes forty pages to the A.D.C. of Cambridge, and Mr. Claud Nugent to the O.U.D.S. Acting at Eton, the Westminster Play, and the Bradfield College Greek Play are also treated. Mr. Leo Trevor, the author of "Brother Officers," has something to say about Country-House Acting. The book teems with curious glimpses of the funny moments of people long since grown serious. Thus Lord Elgin, the ex-Viceroy of India, and Lord Onslow, the ex-Governor of New Zealand, took part in Molière's "Le Mariage Forcé" at Eton in 1868. Mr. W. S. Gilbert was harlequin in the amateur pantomime at the Gaiety in 1878, Mr. J. C. Mathews declaring that "our wily Willie Gilbert doesn't care a single filbert except to play with Columbine and wave his magic bat."



MR. FREDERIC WHYTE.

\* "Actors of the Century: A Play-Lover's Gleanings from Theatrical Annals." By Frederic Whyte (Translator of "The English Stage," by Augustin Filou). London: George Bell and Sons





MISS MAIDIE HOPE AS MAID MARIAN IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD,"

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANIAUO AND BELL, MANCHESTER.

## OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN.

The Royal Staghounds, of which the Earl of Coventry is Master, are a very ancient institution. One Osborne Lovel was "Master of the Royal



THE MEET OF THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS AT BEACONSFIELD.

Buckhounds" in the latter half of the twelfth century, when Henry II. was on the throne; for a long period the Mastership was hereditary, having been held by the representatives of a Gascon family named Brocas for some two hundred and sixty years. In the old days, the Royal Hounds hunted in Northamptonshire, the present Pytchley country forming a portion of the huge forest territory ranged in the middle ages by sovereigns of sporting proclivity. Lord Ribblesdale, in his book on "The Queen's Hounds," tells us that the chase of the wild deer was given up during the reign of George III., owing to the impossibility of carrying on the sport over lands which were being rapidly brought under cultivation and enclosed; and since then the "sure find" of the deer-cart has made the meets of Her Majesty's peculiarly popular with Londoners who want a gallop above all things. The hounds meet twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday.

Ever since Christmas long runs have been rather the rule than the exception with foxhounds all over England. In Berkshire, the Craven, on Jan. 2, hunted a fox for about two hours and a-half, and were run out of scent after going nearly twenty miles. The Pytchley Woodland, a day or two earlier, were

whipped off at dark, after running a fox for two hours and five minutes; and the Cambridgeshire, on Dec. 30, ran a fox for fifteen miles and crowned it by a kill in the open. In the North Country, Mr. Burdon Sanderson's lost a fox which had given them a run of nineteen miles and a-half, covered in two hours and a-half. The run of the season, however, was that scored by the Bilsdale, a sporting pack in the North Riding, on Dec. 30. History does not say how far they travelled, but they killed their fox, after a five hours' run, so far from home that Master, Hunt-servants, and hounds could not return to kennels until next day. These old "greyhound foxes" of the hills can run when they give their mind to the business: it says much for the condition of the Bilsdale pack that, out of fifteen couple, only three hounds were not up at the finish.

This is disturbing news from County Tipperary. Poison has been maliciously put down in the country, and when several hounds had succumbed the Hunt Committee offered a reward of £100 for discovery of the poisoners, to which the owner of the land added another £30. Two more hounds have since died

of poison. Possibly they picked up meat that had been put down earlier, and was overlooked; but the facts as they stand are sufficiently serious.



LORD COVENTRY, THE MASTER, WITH HOUNDS.

The "House," in this case "The House on Sport" (Gale and Polden), is that House in Throgmorton Street the abiding-place of "bills" and "bears" who, when not toying with stocks and shares, devote themselves to field and other sports. With such names as those of Chinnery, Angle, Lacy Hillier, Barthropp, Sheppard, Buckmaster, Leveson-Gower, Muttelbury, Guy Nickalls, and Grenfell among the numerous contributors, it is hardly necessary to observe that these essays are written by men who really understand their subjects. There is considerable variety in the contents: some of Mr. Morgan's contributors have addressed themselves to the historical side of their subject, some are reminiscent; others, again, offer good advice; but, throughout, the book is entertaining, always readable, and often racy. We must not look too closely at a volume which has been got up in the interests of an excellent charity—the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund. The illustrations are good and well chosen.



FOLLOWERS OF THE ROYAL HUNT.



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## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 25, 5.37; Thursday, 5.37; Friday, 5.39; Saturday, 5.40; Sunday, 5.41; Monday, 5.43; Tuesday, 5.45.

A very successful Flower Fête was held at Christchurch, New Zealand, last month, when cyclists mustered in great force. The best team on the ground, driven by Mr. H. O. D. Meares, consisted of four girls mounted on bicycles, who worked in perfect style as a four-in-hand. The reins and harness were yellow, and the extra trappings and rosettes were of the same colour.

## "Biko-polo"

is in the air, but many of its votaries are likely soon to be on the ground, for no less than ten new "biko-polo" clubs are in course of formation in various parts of England, several more

are being organised in Scotland and in Wales, and many in Ireland, and among the members of all these clubs there are, of course, plenty of novices in the art of "biko-polo," and even a few riders who have only lately acquired the knack of balancing a bicycle. The falls of the last-named are likely to rival those of Niagara.

As for the game itself, there is as much difference between that which is played with and that which is played without sticks as there is between Association football and the Rugby game. Only experts a-wheel are able to take part in a game played under the rules of the existing exhibition matches, which, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Dundas Slater, are now to be seen nightly at the Alhambra. On the other hand, the rules adopted by the executive of the Mid-Surrey Club at Merton are almost identical with the rules of pony-polo, for hustling and riding out are allowed, and every player is free either to crook or to strike back with his own stick the sticks of his opponents. By the way, I am told that the Empire "boko-pilo"—I mean, "pilo-boko"—I mean, "biko-polo" team was the first to appear on any London stage.

The team at the Alhambra consists of Messrs. Francis Spencer, Sidney Franks, Thomas Athol, J. F. Jerome, and the captain, R. H. Callam, while Messrs. J. R. Hazelton, C. B. Braby, M. J. Murphy, and E. V. Hanegan constitute the Empire team. Which of the two is the cleverer I have no intention of declaring, and I would advise my readers to witness the contests at each place of entertainment within the meaning of the act, and then decide for themselves. Mr. J. R. Hazelton, however, who is captain of the original American champion bicycle-polo team, and also inventor of the game as played on safeties, contributes a very interesting article to the sprightly and enterprising monthly magazine called *Fashion*, in which he declares that "the time is near at hand when it [biko-polo] will be found to have caught on with the grip of golf." I am not quite so sanguine as Mr. Hazelton, who must necessarily be more or less of an enthusiast, but I do think that the "biko-polo" craze has suddenly jumped away with a long lead, and, that being so, nobody can foretell when or where it will stop.

Even the *Polo Magazine*, the last organ in the world, one would have thought, to countenance any eruption of the sort into its exclusive circle of readers, has in its January number an article on "Bicycle Polo," from the pen of no less an authority upon the subject than Mr. R. J. Meeredy, who edits the *Irish Cyclist* and is the compiler of the rules of

the polo game played without sticks. Furthermore, the *Polo Magazine*, which, though still owned by Major F. Herbert, begins under an entirely new régime its sixth year of publication, contains a paragraph addressed especially to cyclists, in which it states openly that, in future, it intends to devote a considerable amount of attention, and a reasonable proportion of space also, to the subject of bicycle-polo.

Among our publicists who retain their enthusiasm for the bicycle is the Lord Advocate for Scotland, and so far has he perfected himself in the

technical aspect of the question that he is now regarded as a cycling expert. In a sense he is the chief representative of the skilled opinion among amateurs, and is regarded so by many of the leading manufacturers in the country. Everyone recalls his famous ride last summer, at the end of a busy session, when he rode from the House

of Commons to his place in Perthshire; and now I hear that last week, after a busy morning's work, he rode from Edinburgh, some eighty miles, no small distance for a man with a son of twenty-four and three daughters, the eldest of whom is twenty-two. And it is not only as a cyclist that Mr. Graham Murray is noted in the world of sport, for it is generally agreed among those who are entitled to give an opinion that he is one of the best shots in Scotland, certainly one of the best amateur billiard-players, and perhaps the best croquet-player in the Northern Kingdom. Nor must we forget that he was the best racquet-player at Harrow. And all this added to the fact of his being at the head of the Scottish Bar and one of the most successful Lord Advocates of the century.

We have heard a good deal of the discussion as to whether or not cyclists should carry firearms for purposes of defence. An enterprising manufacturer of "accessories" has brought out a new weapon with which the nervous rider who falls among thieves may scare his assailants without the danger attending the use of firearms. In shape the weapon resembles a pistol, but no gun-licence is required for its use, nor is it dangerous in its effects. It is loaded not with an explosive bullet, but with nothing more harmful than water, and its chief recommendation appears to be that the person at whom this deadly weapon is discharged imagines himself shot. If the use of this ingenious squirt were to become general (an extremely improbable contingency), I foresee that the modern highwayman would soon grow accustomed to it, and his burglarian head would cease to imagine itself punctured by a bullet when it had only received a splash of water in the face.

A cyclist in Melbourne was charged with "negligently riding a bicycle," because he had ridden it through a certain street with his hands in his pockets. In his defence, he maintained that he could guide his machine more easily with his hands off the handles than on them, and, moreover, that his machine was specially constructed with a view to steering without the handles. The Justices apparently did not believe him, for they fined him one guinea and costs. It is said the rider intends to appeal against the decision, on the ground that a person has a perfect right to steer his machine in any way he pleases. There is something to be said for his point of view, but not much.

The Austral Wheel Meeting, which was recently held at Prahran, Victoria, was a great success.



A BICYCLE FOUR-IN-HAND AT A FLOWER FÊTE HELD AT CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

Photo by Wrigglesworth and Dinnis, Wellington, New Zealand.



THE AUSTRAL WHEEL MEETING: A LAP IN THE TEN-MILE SCRATCH RACE.

Photo by Roland Bishop, Prahran.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Racing dreams and racing coincidences are numerous. Many people have heard the story of Mr. Joe Davis, the Managing Director of Hurst Park, who induced Sir James Miller to buy Sainfoin because he dreamed that the horse had won the Derby. Many more remember that the horse was backed by scores of people who passed a field of sainfoin



CRICKET AT THE CAPE.

on the way from Sutton to the course. I mention these facts because a correspondent has written to give me a good double event. He says he has dreamt on two occasions lately that Kopely had won the Lincoln Handicap and the City and Suburban. The horse in the dream got home at Lincoln by a head and at Epsom by quite five lengths!

It is said that some jockeys have their private signs that they give to their friends when they are riding the preliminary canter. Of course, a jockey does not always know what is going to happen to his horse until he has received his final riding orders, after which he has no chance of communicating with his special friends except by sign. Thus, when you see a jockey in the preliminary canter pulling his horse hard, it may mean that the animal has no chance, or it may mean just the opposite. When you notice a jockey patting a horse on the neck, you little think that that may be a telegraphic message reading thus: "Put a nonkey on each way; it's an absolute certainty."

The first proclamation known against betting on racecourses was that issued by James VI. of Scotland. His Majesty's proclamation did not prohibit betting altogether on racecourses; but it was principally issued to the noblemen and gentry who did make "Bigg-Betts," whereby they did impoverish their ancestral estate and brought troubles on their families. King James was a rare all-round sportsman, and was no bigot, for he issued another proclamation allowing a long list of games to be played by his loving subjects on the Sabbath, which wrought great consternation in the camps of the unco guid, and it was not long before a deputation of ministers of all shades of religion, backed up with provosts, bailies, &c., craved an audience of his Majesty to present a petition against the innovation. The audience was granted, and the petition was presented. After hearing what they had to say, his Majesty addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, you and I have all the week-days for recreation, but my loving subjects of the working-class, who work hard from morning to night, have no such chance, so I think it quite right that they should have an opportunity of enjoying themselves on the only day at their disposal."

Those flat-race jockeys who have been eating and drinking too freely of late will soon have to begin getting the weight off. Watts has the greatest difficulty in keeping his weight down to 9 st., and Bradford is putting on flesh fast. The brothers Loates, C. Wood, and M. Cannon are not overburdened with avoirdupois, but the latter finds it necessary to do a lot of walking to keep himself in form. Medicine and Turkish-baths are useful remedies at a pinch, but a twenty-mile walk with the sweaters on is the most natural form of anti-fat to be found.

How do the hangers-on of our racecourses live when no racing takes place for several weeks in succession? I saw a man selling penny goods in the gutter recently who during the summer months does well by selling his own tips on the racecourse, and many of the card-sellers, I believe, eke out their existence by selling newspapers. CAPTAIN COE.

## THE STATE AS A GAMEKEEPER.

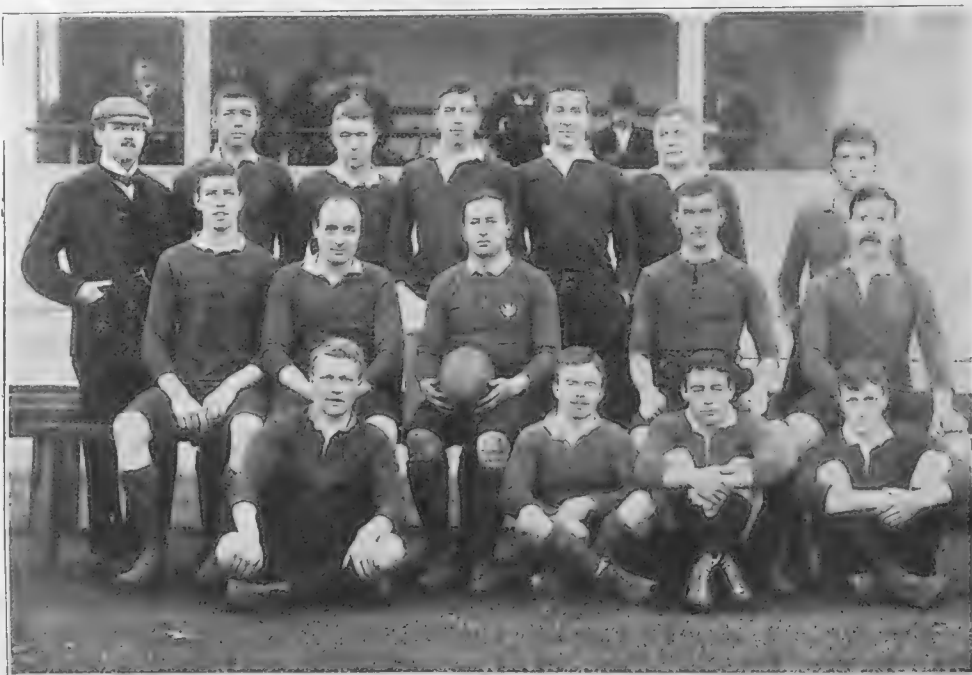
To the insular mind there is something distinctly novel in the American system of making sport the care of a Government Department. I recently received a volume of imposing size from the other side of the Atlantic which proved to be the last Report of the "Commissioners of Fisheries, Game, and Forests" for New York State. To call it a glorified Blue Book would be to render this really wonderful book an injustice, for Blue Books are not commonly remarkable for their interest, and this Report is. Imagine the British Government sending out an official publication of over five hundred pages, on the best of paper, profusely illustrated with photographs, wood-engravings, and coloured pictures of fish and game birds, and the whole artistically bound! I must say the contents of the book deserve their luxurious setting, for the several sections of the Report show that the fisheries, game, and forest interests of New York State are in exceedingly practical and, the two former at least, sportsmanlike hands. One can form a vague idea of the scale on which artificial fish-culture is conducted from the fact that during the year 1896 (the Report has been delayed in issue) over 191½ millions of fish, a very large proportion of them trout, were hatched in the State hatcheries and turned out in public waters. During the ten weeks' shooting season, over five thousand deer were shot in the State woods on the Adirondacks. As gamekeepers the Commissioners succeed to admiration. The officers charged with the preservation of the State Forests have some curious difficulties to contend with. Among the regulations there is one that forbids the erection in the woods of dwellings with any claims to permanency. The dweller in tents is welcomed, but trouble arises when some freeborn citizen refuses to recognise the State's title to recently acquired lands, and proceeds to make him a house. Not only does this enterprising "forest-lover" select his own site on forbidden ground; he sets the laws at naught with the hand that is free, cutting down trees it is forbidden to cut, to build the house it is forbidden to build, and crowning his performance by asserting his right to be there untaxed and undisturbed. Whence legal proceedings, ejectment, and tears. This flagrant trespass is mildly entitled "Occupancy without Lease." As a matter of fact, these unauthorised settlers set the State a good example in cutting down some of the too numerous trees, for, by a perfectly unaccountable piece of legislation, the Commissioners of Forests in the State are not allowed to perform the most elementary work of arboriculture; they may not lay axe to stem in any of the woods under their charge.

## ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Think of cricket at Christmas! Yet here is a picture of Lord Hawke's team playing the Western Province. The match took place at Capetown on Dec. 24, 26, and 27. The score was—English, 280; Colonial, 255.

## FOOTBALL.

The London Scottish are too well known for me to describe the team. I give the men who played St. Thomas's Hospital at Richmond on Jan. 14. The game ended in favour of the Scots by two goals and three tries to nil. Ritson (two) and Morrison scored tries before the interval, while during the second half Black and Cowey scored, both tries being converted by Swanston.



RUGBY FOOTBALL AT RICHMOND.

LONDON SCOTTISH v. ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL: LONDON SCOTTISH TEAM.



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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 8.*

## MONEY.

The Money Market altered so rapidly that we were not surprised at the Bank Directors, after a more than usually prolonged discussion, lowering the rate to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The market had forced the position, and, with floating credits at about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and three months' bills actually done below 2 per cent., the Bank of England had practically no option. Silver has been and remains fairly firm, and there has been a considerable amount of buying, chiefly for China. The fact that future and spot prices are identical is evidence that stocks are not large, and the revival of the Chinese demand is an encouraging feature.

The position of Rupee paper has attracted considerable attention, and the price has reached a higher level than has been known for years, due, no doubt, to the firmness of the exchange and the improved financial position of the Indian Empire.

## HOME RAILS.

It is curious to notice that, at the very time of the announcements of those Home Railway dividends, over which nearly all the prophets wax so pessimistic, the prices of most stocks in that market are displaying noteworthy strength. It must, of course, be remembered that all the quotations are, as the Stock Exchange puts it, "full of dividend," but the inherent strength of the market is remarkable when it is considered how the yield on an investment in Home Rails is gradually declining. Upon South-Eastern Deferred and Great Eastern Ordinary only a gilt-edged rate is now obtainable, but the prospects of the two lines—the South-Eastern and the Great Eastern—are held to warrant the inflated prices of their respective stocks. South-Eastern Deferred (Dover "A") is certainly the more promising lock-up of the two; Great Eastern Ordinary looks rather top-heavy, but the company's report is on the whole a satisfactory one. The dividends for the last six years upon those stocks whose final distributions for 1898 have been so far published are—

	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.
Brighton "A" ...	$5\frac{1}{2}$	6	6	$6\frac{3}{4}$	7	$6\frac{3}{4}$
City and South London ...	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$	2
Great Eastern ...	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{3}{8}$	$3\frac{1}{8}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{5}{8}$
Metropolitan ...	$2\frac{7}{8}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{16}$	$3\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Dover "A" ...	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{3}{8}$	$3\frac{7}{8}$	3

The Great Central has only managed to pay its dividends upon the Preference stocks up to, and including, the 1891 issue.

Satisfaction cannot but be felt at the figures listed above. With only five exceptions, every year in every case shows an improvement



Railway Market there is likely to be, in our opinion, a slight participation in that business which has come to nearly every other department of the Stock Exchange, and for a month or so the tide of prices will probably flow, after the long period that it remained upon the ebb.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

"Never saw the House so busy in all my life!" chortled a panting broker one day this week as he was caught on a return wave of the Foreign Market and forced back among the Banks. Certainly, it is long since business has been so brisk, and brokers report most unusual numbers of orders in both the speculative and investment classes. Even the old lady who generally arrives on an Account Day, and wants to sell her £50 of the "Funnis" for cash in half-an-hour, has awakened to the new activity, and demands a safe speculation that is absolutely certain to double in value within two days at the outside. That vanishing quantity, "the Public," at last seems to be taking cognisance of Capel Court, and, with the vast amount of barren capital in the land, it is quite possible that the newly arisen interest may be sustained for a time. The half-hearted action of the Bank of England directors in reducing the official minimum to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., when ready money was almost unobtainable at 1 per cent., was a source of disappointment, and Consols actually fell when the Bank directors issued their announcement. The Investment Markets of the House have been hard throughout the week; it is to be hoped that the jobbers in Home Railway Preference, Debentures, and suchlike stocks will have a more successful year than they had in 1898, when some of the firms in the market said they were thankful at having made 5 per cent. on their capital.

The Home Railway dividends up to the present have been uninteresting, although the Great Eastern's declaration of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., against the 5 per cent. this time last year, is satisfactory, and the Metropolitan maintains its 1898 figures, in spite of the decrease shown by its traffic receipts. The South-Eastern Company has provided the feature, and there was a blaze of indignation when it became known that the original declaration of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the Deferred stock was to be changed to a quarter per cent. more, owing to a mistake in the accountants' department. For a moment, the market lost its breath; then, up went Doras before the "bears" had time to say "Cosmo Bonsor," and it was not until the price settled down that the fierce wrath of the dealers, who had been caught on the wrong tack, descended upon those unfortunate accountants. Such a thing has not been known in the House for years, and the very worst of all was that the fact had leaked out nearly thirty hours beforehand, and had been acted upon. That was the cruel part, and it is to be hoped that a thorough investigation into the matter will be made inside the House, and out of it.

While the railway dividends are coming in week by week, there is another question which deserves discussion. In many instances, not in the Railway Market only, dividend declarations are wired to Mr. Torrens-Johnson, the Secretary of the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange; the familiar pink slips are then initiated by him or his deputy, and finally pinned up in the House. Traffic notices are, in some cases, received in the same way, and I want to know what proof the Secretary has of the authenticity of any telegram. With many, a code-word is added, which is cut off the wire before the latter is posted in the House, but this is not always the case. Take the Metropolitan announcement this week. It occupied three telegraph-forms, but how were we to know that it was genuine? Nothing had been cut from the wire to suggest that a code-word had been attached, so that there was no apparent reason why it could not have been sent by someone at Paddington who had seen the company's preliminary notice as to the day and hour the wire might be expected. Without any intention of being "fussy," I think that the House ought to have some definite assurance by which it can be certain that all wires posted on its walls are genuine. The bogus message purporting to come from the English Sewing Cotton Company only a month or so back ought to teach our Senators wisdom.

A correspondent wrote to an evening contemporary yesterday bitterly complaining that, although he was expected to pay for his purchases of stock, or to settle his differences, on the Account Day, it was all the other way round when his turn came to receive the money. As one does occasionally hear this sort of thing, perhaps a word or two may not be out of place to lay low this silly skeleton once and for all. In the first place, the broker has to meet all his engagements promptly on the Settling Day, and he may have to pay for every bit of the stock he has bought during the fortnight. Consequently, it is only natural that he should want his clients' money in order to fulfil their bargains. If a purchaser does not care to leave his broker a cheque, he need not do so until delivery of the stock itself, and, so long as the Stock Exchange man knows that he can get the money whenever he wants it, that is all he cares for. As regards the second growl, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a client can have his money immediately upon presentation of his stock on the Account Day, while differences are usually posted upon the same night. You really can't expect a man to send round cheques for differences on the day when every boy in the place has his hands full with the task of collection of others, but, if the client likes to drop into his broker's office, a cheque would be at once forthcoming. Competition is so keen nowadays that every facility is afforded, every deference paid to the wishes of any client, be he large or otherwise.

There was a good deal of amusement in the Kaffir Market last Thursday morning, as *The Sketch* began to circulate freely and its cartoons of two well-known House-men were "spotted." The pair which illuminate the City pages this week are again taken from the American Market and the Kaffir Circus. The first is a "Bull," by name if not by nature, and is a general favourite among his confrères, while the second cartoon represents a figure whose ample beard is

upon its predecessor, and the figures speak eloquently of the increasing spending-power of the country at large. It is an indirect answer to those dear people who contend that the preponderance of our imports over exports is a sign of grave danger to the British Isles. In the Home



as well known by sight as his hoarse cries for "Jos!" are dear to ear. Why, oh why, was the noble form of "Our Only Knight" omitted from this fascinating book of pictures? It sprang on to the "Paris" bench of the Kaffir Market but a day or two ago, and, as the fiery eye flashed lightning, the passionate voice thundered—

"At the thirteen sell De Beer!"

"Oh, get down, get down!" ejaculated an impatient "bull."

"You come and take me down," the Nobility shouted back, and there fell a sudden ripple of laughter over the market as the discomfited "bull" stole slowly round the corner and into the arms of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE BOOM IN YANKEES.

The passion of the American nation for speculating has this week been turned full on to Wall Street and its specialties. Day by day, over a million shares change hands, and a seat in the New York Stock Exchange was sold yesterday for the record price of £7000, a sum which gave rise to a few envious sniffs in Shorter's Court. We have seen American booms before, lots of them, but rarely one of which it may so truthfully be said that it was "made in America." Flinging away their time-honoured traditions of buying on the breaks and selling on the bulges, the Yankees have thrown their whole weight enthusiastically into the "bull" scale, lifting prices by dollars at a time, and creating such a chirpy feeling in London as has not been enjoyed by the "bulls" since that day when McKinley became the uncrowned King of the States.

People may well ask what there is that warrants such a thrilling rise. Prices, even now, are in many cases points above the highest touched last year. Take the closing quotations in the Street this Saturday afternoon, and compare the most striking ones with the top figures of 1898. Here are a few—

	Highest 1898.	Price Jan. 21.	Rise.
Atchison Pref. ... ..	55½	62½	7½
Central Pacific ... ..	43½	47½	4
Chicago and Milwaukee ...	124½	133½	9
Louisville ... ..	67½	69½	2
Norfolk Pref. ... ..	65½	68½	3
New York Central ... ..	129	140½	11½
Pennsylvania ... ..	63	68½	5½
Union Pacific ... ..	45½	50½	5

There are some shares whose prices stand under the highest of 1898, but they are the exception, not the rule, and it is no wonder that brokers are besieged with questions as to what holders should do with their Americans. The main points to which the "bulls" look as conducive to a still further rise are the excellence of traffic receipts, the prospects of another bumper harvest, and the redundancy of floating money. From a practical point of view, we think that quite enough has been made of those traffics, that the crop is still too far ahead to be taken into intelligent anticipation, and money has a nasty knack of becoming scarce when least expected. The market is, however, so much in the hands of the Yankees that it is impossible to say whether there may or may not be a further rise still left in it. The Preferred stocks of the reorganised roads are dear even now as speculative investments, and as for the counters, Southern, Ontarios, Eries, *et hoc genus omne*, they are at the mercy of any clique who likes to take them in hand. A strong tip has been circulated to buy Norfolk and Western Common, and a small dividend is talked about upon these shares. Little as we believe in "market tips" as a rule, we are inclined to fancy that the one to hold Little Norfolks for a rise to 25 may not be as unlikely to come off as usual.

#### THE MINING MARKETS.

From ten o'clock till half-past six have been the non-official business hours of the Kaffir Market during the week, and the amount of trade has been, to quote the famous Dominie, "Pro-digious!" Once more have the bulk of buying orders come from Paris, but on this side the professionals too are hard at work, and every inducement is being held forth to get the public to join in the game. The East Rand group have been particularly strong, and it is understood that several of its subsidiaries are upon the point of being launched. Rumour runs that the Consolidated Goldfields Company is also anxiously awaiting an opportunity for introducing the Rand Victoria and other of its babies to the public notice. Firm believers are asserting that Goldfields will go to 10. Rhodesians are slow to emerge from the wet blanket of the new Chartered issue, although, when the Chartered "letters" were all settled, a lively demand sprang up for the old shares of the parent of Rhodesians. It seems to us that Mr. Rhodes' expected speech is but a slender foundation for the "bulls" to build upon. Barnato stocks gain little from any boomlet in Kaffirs: people seem afraid of them, for some occult reason. Knight's Central, mentioned in our Stock Exchange letter last week, have been conspicuously strong, and Shebas appear to have touched their lowest—just for a little while. The cheap Deep-Level shares in this market appear to offer the best medium for speculative investment.

Westralians woke up in a flurry, fearful lest they should be left behind by the Kaffir rush, and once again Horseshoes have provided the principal interest. Hannan's Oroya are well to the front, and there seems to be a disposition on the part of someone (whom we do not know, although we might guess) to buy Bottomley's things once more.

In the Miscellaneous Mining Market, Copper shares are the attraction of the moment, and Rio Tintos have made fresh records for the Deferred shares nearly every day. Some amusement was caused by the introduction into the so-called Klondyke Market of a mine rejoicing in the patronymic of "Ymeres," and one jobber created quite a sensation in bidding for a thousand "Why-am-I-eres." Nobody seemed to know. Indian shares keep hard, the advent of the annual reports being near at

hand, and some of the little Africans have come to temporary life, resurrected by the rise in Kaffirs.

#### THE JOHANNESBURG POSITION.

The following extract from a private letter which a Johannesburg friend of ours wrote the other day explains the position as it seemed to an intelligent and disinterested outsider on the spot. The letter was written before the late troubles, and the information it contained was intended for our private information only—

The position on the local Stock Exchange and in the town of Johannesburg continues to grow worse; but there may be no crisis, as the long depression has enabled the process of liquidation to be a gradual one. The rise in the dividend stocks has little effect on this community, as so few of these are held here now. What are chiefly held here, of course, are the non-dividend-payers (the low-priced stocks), and many of these have hardly moved. In the old times they used to follow the lead of the dividend-payers, but the local market which is chiefly interested is too weak to do any buying. Prices all round on this market keep well under London parity—a reversal of the usual order of things in normal times.

#### ISSUE.

The Giffre Electro-Chemical and Power Company, Limited.—This company, with a share-capital of £140,000, is issuing to the public 110,000 shares of £1 each. The object of its formation is to acquire all the shares in a French company carrying on business in Haute Savoie for the purpose of manufacturing carbide of calcium, from which acetylene gas is produced. The purchase-price is £60,000, or just three times the amount paid up on the French shares, and the profit of the promotion is £40,000, which goes to the General Water-Power Company. We confess that a profit of over 66 per cent. seems to us too high—out of all reason, one might almost say—and when, in addition, the Frenchmen are to get three francs for every one of their original investment, it is evident that the business must be a very fine one, of which we see no proof, to stand so much "water." There is one name on the prospectus that alone would prevent us from investing in the enterprise, and our readers will do well to leave it severely alone.

Saturday, Jan. 21, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SPEER.—(1) We have never heard of "Queen Sheba." If you mean Sheba Queen, we believe it to be a wild cat. (2) East Rands have had such a rise that we are not inclined to advise purchase. (3) You might now sell half, and hold the rest. The prospects of the company are first-rate.

TEMPUS FUIGIT.—(1) The Brewery is not one we like, and is grossly over-capitalised, but, with a boom in all things Yankee, the shares may improve. We should not have advised the purchase if you had asked our opinion before making it. (2) A fair speculative purchase, but with a limited market, so that it is easier to get in than get out.

BOOR.—See our issue of the 4th inst., under head of "Woes of a City Editor."

NOVICE.—(1) We do not know how the Bread Company is doing, but, in our opinion, it was over-capitalised. There will probably be a dividend next time. We should hold. (2) The mine is quite high enough. We hear from Australia very conflicting reports. There is no group behind the concern to support the market, and it is, therefore, unpopular upon the Stock Exchange.

W. G. M.—We answered your letter on the 17th inst. and wrote you again on the 20th inst.

D. M.—Thanks for your offer. Photographs of famous bicycle-riders are not suitable for the City columns of this paper.

C. C. N. B.—The less you have to do with the outside brokers the better for you. People who work "Prudentials" usually work swindles as well. As to the papers you name, they were, no doubt, paid for their puffs.

SCOT.—(1) The payment takes place and the transfer of the shares is made when the Committee of the Stock Exchange appoints a special settling-day. (2) You cannot transfer shares until the certificates are made out, for you do not know the registered numbers of your holding until then. Some companies will pass a transfer before, but it is quite an exception.

LIVERPOOL.—See this week's Notes.

GAMMA.—The company you write about is a capital investment. It has laid nearly all its mains, and most of the new buildings now being erected in the City are supplied by these for their lifts. The stock is readily saleable, but whether there will be a rise in a short time it is difficult to say. It is one of the gradually improving class.

MARINE.—We had nothing to do with the article in question. If you write to Mr. Kemp, he will give you all the information you wish for, and he is a most respectable and reliable man.

LEAN.—We have so often warned our readers against dealing on the cover system, and explained in "City Notes" why and how it is a mere trap for the foolish, that we cannot in this column go over the ground again. Our answers to your questions are—(1) No. (2) No. (3) No. If you will send to our publishing-office, 198, Strand, and purchase the issue of Nov. 30 last, you will find a full explanation of our reasons.

M. H. M.—Your letter has been passed on to the proper quarter. Surely you do not expect the City Editor to pay you for paragraphs which appear in other parts of the paper.

ALEC.—(1) We have no faith in this Syndicate or the people connected with it. (2, 3, and 4) No. Probably No. 3 is the most promising.

J. S.—We will bear your request in mind when the prospectus is ready.

E. R. T.—The name and address of the brokers have been sent you.

W. M.—The price is about par. It was badly subscribed, and the underwriters were "stuck," hence the fact that the market is at present a bad one. You had better hold for the present, and get out whenever there is a bit of profit. The concern was over-capitalised, in our opinion, but will do well for the next year or so.

SAP.—We replied to your letter on the 21st inst.

ABBOT.—It is very difficult to get any reliable information as to the company. We are trying to find out the position, which, we think, is very bad. If inquiries produce anything to alter our opinions, we will refer to the matter again next week. If you do not see any further answer, understand we do not advise purchase of more stock. Send us the reports.

SEASONS.—(1) The Brewery is spoken very badly of on the Stock Exchange, and we think there must be a screw loose somewhere. We do not recommend them, although very likely the name makes people think it is connected with the cycle trade, and depresses the price. (2) No.